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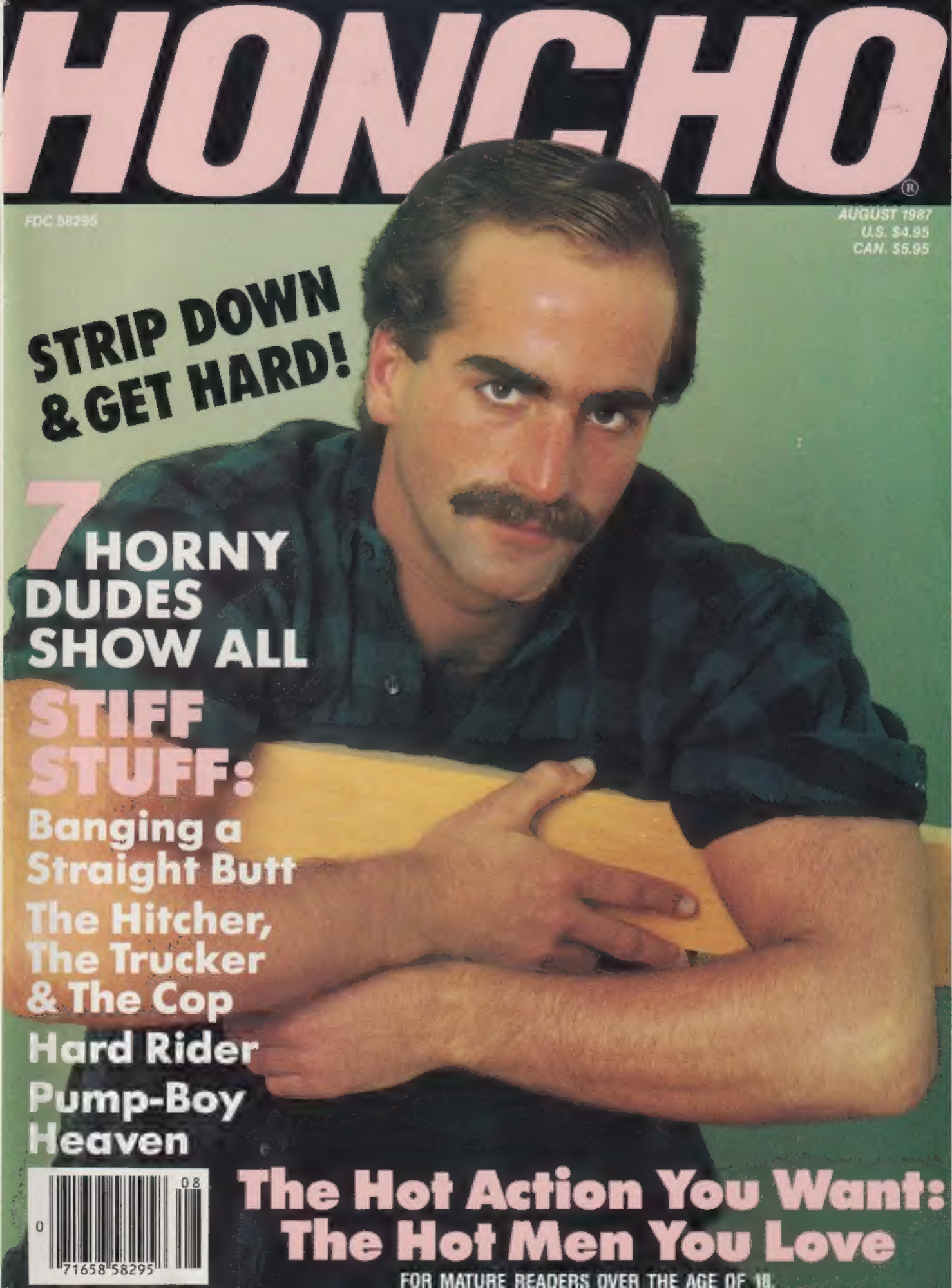

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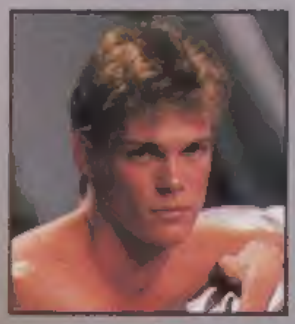

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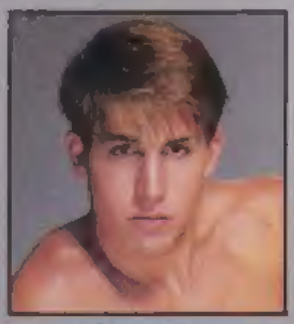

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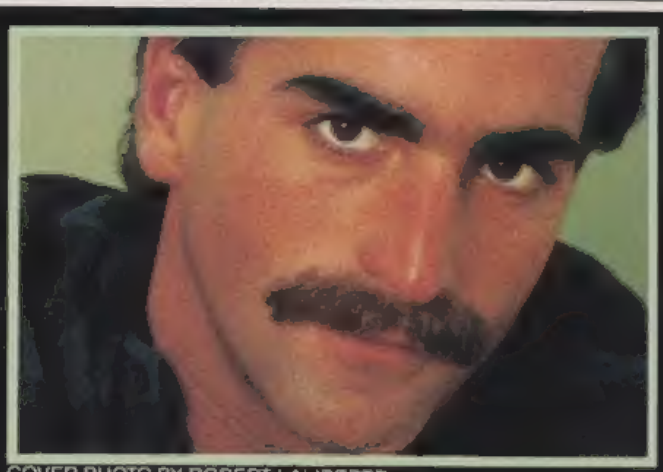

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CONTENTS

5 FICTION: PUMP-BOY HEAVEN
10 FICTION: BANGING A STRAIGHT BUTT
13 NUDES: GO FOR IT
23 FICTION: HARD RIDER
29 NUDES: REACHING OUT
37 FICTION: THE HITCHER, THE TRUCKER AND THE COP
41 NUDES: BEACH BULLY
51 FICTION: STAG FIGHT
52 NUDES: ROOM WITH A VIEW
56 FICTION: ACE CRAWFORD: BULL RIDER
61 NUDES: COCKSURE
69 FICTION: ALIEN HEAT
77 NUDES: TOUGH ENOUGH
89 NUDES: FOREST SERVICE

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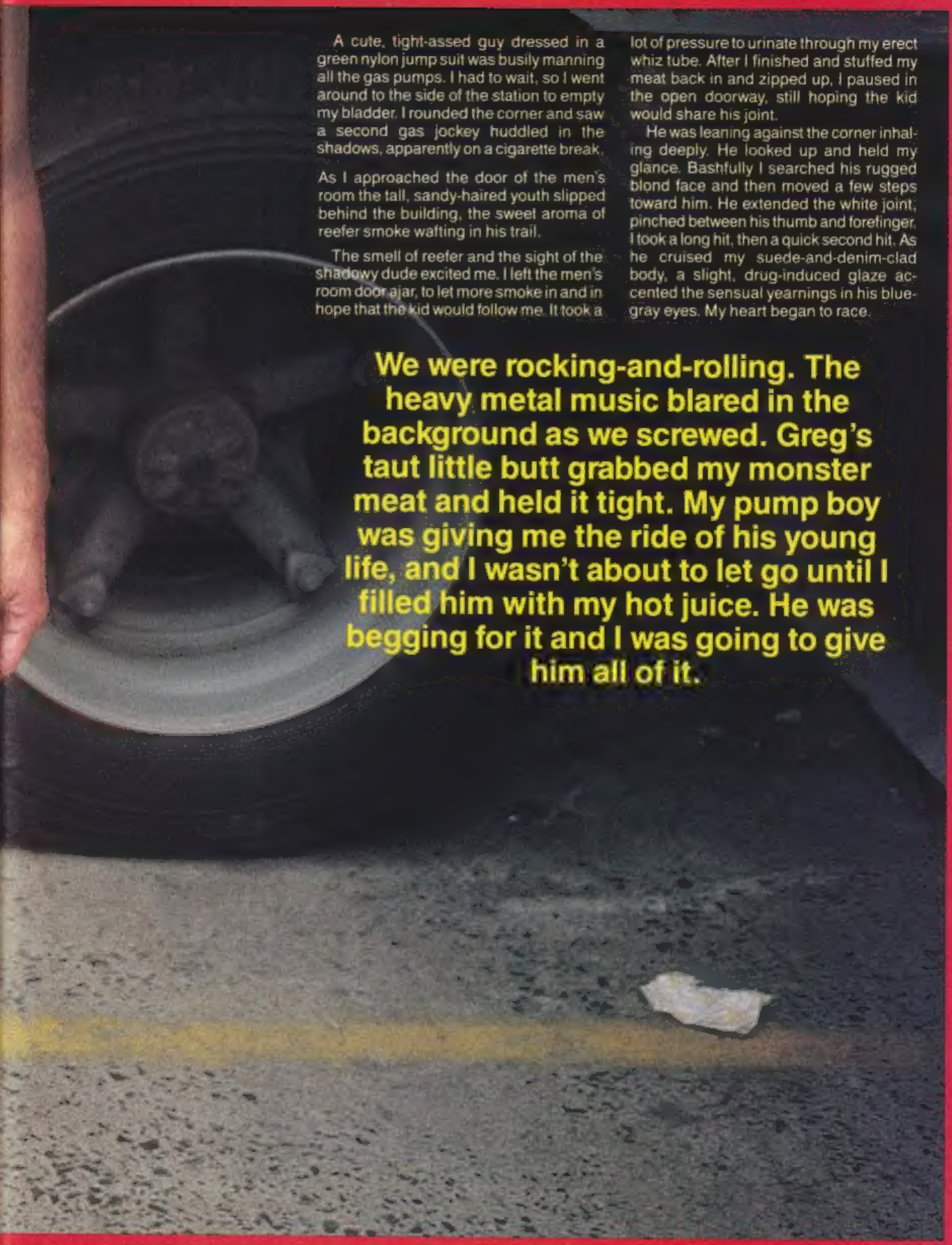
Pump-boy Heaven

BY J. ROBERT AINSWORTH • PHOTOS BY CITYBOY

The Thursday before President's Day weekend was marked by an exceptionally warm February thaw; it was 67 degrees, and the only remnants of snow were deep in the woods. The warm weather stirred up my libido and the balmy air combined with my horny feelings gave me the urge to put the top down on my phallus-shaped, '67 XKE Roadster. The wind blew in my face and twirled my hair, the engine purred, and my cock stood as stiff as the car's gearshift lever.

I had rushed to finish my work early so I could get on the road before the winter sunset. I headed west toward the Delaware River. Since childhood, the Poconos have always conjured up images of Indian braves dancing around a campfire in buckskin loincloths, with bright paint on their lithe bodies. After driving for an hour or so, I pulled into a service station for fuel and to put up the Jag's convertible top. I was so horny, even the gas station's yellow neon lights looked sensuous.

I was looking for a lot more than gasoline when I pulled into the service station. I needed a "lube job" real bad, and the cute gas jockey knew how to cool off my overheated engine. He gladly opened his trunk and let me drive my stick shift deep into his tailpipe.



A cute, tight-assed guy dressed in a green nylon jump suit was busily manning all the gas pumps. I had to wait, so I went around to the side of the station to empty my bladder. I rounded the corner and saw a second gas jockey huddled in the shadows, apparently on a cigarette break.

As I approached the door of the men's room the tall, sandy-haired youth slipped behind the building, the sweet aroma of reefer smoke wafting in his trail.

The smell of reefer and the sight of the shadowy dude excited me. I left the men's room door ajar, to let more smoke in and in hope that the kid would follow me. It took a lot of pressure to urinate through my erect whiz tube. After I finished and stuffed my meat back in and zipped up, I paused in the open doorway, still hoping the kid would share his joint.

He was leaning against the corner inhaling deeply. He looked up and held my glance. Bashfully I searched his rugged blond face and then moved a few steps toward him. He extended the white joint, pinched between his thumb and forefinger. I took a long hit, then a quick second hit. As he cruised my suede-and-denim-clad body, a slight, drug-induced glaze accented the sensual yearnings in his blue-gray eyes. My heart began to race.

We were rocking-and-rolling. The heavy metal music blared in the background as we screwed. Greg's taut little butt grabbed my monster meat and held it tight. My pump boy was giving me the ride of his young life, and I wasn't about to let go until I filled him with my hot juice. He was begging for it and I was going to give him all of it.

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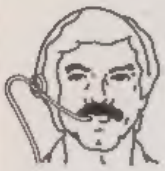

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Sexual magnetism began to draw our bodies closer. Our shoulders touched. Each time we exchanged the joint, my fingertips lingered on his manly hand. His facial muscles relaxed when he felt my touch, but he averted his eyes downward. "Let's go inside," I whispered.

Oblivious to his co-worker or the possible appearance of another pisser, he followed as I turned toward the john. The hulking baby had the shaggy appearance of a six-foot-four farm boy, and I guessed him to be about twenty. The name Greg was embroidered on his sexy one-piece jump suit. If Greg was hung as well as the long tube-shaped bulge in his trouser leg portended, he would prove to be a genuine hunk all the way around.

The usual tense doubts raced through my mind. Does he really want an older man? Is the kid up to handling a man with staying power, or does he just want a few quick minutes of sexual gratification? Notwithstanding the nagging questions, my eyes roved from his long, sandy hair, down the line separating his broad, feline shoulder blades, over the mounds of his fine, sleek ass, and down those long, inviting legs. A tingling sensation that started at the base of my stiffening cock spread rapidly outward from my groin.

Once I had locked the door, I reached behind his head and pulled his face down to mine. Our lips touched and instantly we fell into a passionate, open-mouthed kiss. My tongue searched his warm, moist mouth. We ran our hands and arms all over each other, and as my fingers reached upward to comb through the fine strands of shaggy hair, I pressed my groin into his. Is he really hung? I wondered. Is he long, thick, as hard as I am?

My cock was straining to get out of my Levi's. I've got eight inches—not the biggest, but it's rare that I trick with someone who can better me. Unable to abide the suspense any longer, I probed between our groins with my right hand. I felt the familiar hardness of hip bones knifing flesh, and finally a new and exciting piece of male flesh. I extricated a thick, oval-shaped pole from his trousers and rushed to explore its length. It was long and fat and bone hard.

I ran my hands around Greg's narrow hips to the hard globes of his ass. I squeezed the firm buttocks, and the harder I squeezed, the more Greg swooned into my arms. Towering over me, he lowered his head into the crook of my neck and pressed his hair into my left cheek, his lips into the base of my neck. He was a man-sized kitten in my arms, a kittenish man with a hot ass!

"Let's go somewhere else. I get off in a half-hour."

His words echoed my desire to make love to him, slowly, in a bed.

"Where can we go?" I asked. Much as I wanted to go to my place, I was strict with myself about *not* taking strangers home.

"We can go to a motel just up the road," he muttered. "It's fifteen, for a coupla hours. I can pay half."

"I'll wait for you in front of the motel, Greg. That *is* your name, isn't it, just like it says?"

"Yeah."

"Mine's Bob. See you in thirty minutes."

Thirty-five minutes later, Greg drove up in a red Ford pickup. He looked even hotter in his civvies—tight gray corduroys and a pale-blue ski jacket. He reached back into the cab of the truck and pulled out a ghetto-blaster.

"I have tapes of my friend's band. I'm a roady. I help 'em set up, and sometimes I even play the drums. We're a heavy-metal group."

Once inside the shabby room, with Iron Maiden-style rock blaring from the portable stereo, Greg and I embraced and resumed our frantic, hungry kisses and our strong, manly hugs. Greg reached down to grasp my cock. He squeezed it through my Levi's, ran his fingers up and down its length, then reached in behind my belt and forced his hand down into my pants, wriggling his fingers in an effort to get through the slit in my crimson bikinis and touch the hot flesh of my hard, uncut dick.

When I felt his warm fingertips against my fleshy head, I moved my hands down Greg's back to the globes of his ass and squeezed them together. He began to moan, softly at first, then louder as my fingers parted his buttocks and teased the outer sphincter.

Fucking is not my favorite sexual activity; I'm primarily an oral cockhound. But on occasion, especially when I run across a particularly hot bottom man, I can get really turned on by a hungry asshole. Greg's asshole was hungry. Greg was a hungry asshole.

He pulled his hand out of my crotch, undid my belt and the button of my Levi's. I helped him unzip me. Then he went down on his knees and pulled down my skimpy bikini to expose the top of my black pubic hair. My cock levered forward inside the silky bikini, and Greg's head moved toward the protrusion, first bringing his lips, then his soft cheek against my crimson-shrouded dick. In one fast motion, I reached down with both hands and pushed down my sling-shot briefs. My ferocious-looking cock sprang free and slapped Greg in the face.

Caught up in the heat of a beautiful young boy kneeling at my feet, I took my turgid eight inches in my right hand, grabbed Greg's flaxen hair with my left, and forced cock and head together. I basked in the stimulation of watching his soft, warm lips caressing my sensitive flesh; then, still holding his hair in a firm grasp, I maneuvered the tip of my cock to his lightly bearded upper lip and circled it down and around his lower lip. I savored watching my cock trace the features of Greg's man-boy face. I was tantalizing him and myself, with a coming-attractions preview of the pleasure that awaited us.

I shoved my skinned-back cock between his lips and behind his teeth, pulling the back of his head to force my shaft deep into his throat. His warm saliva felt fabulous as I whipped my meat back out of his mouth, all the way.

"That was just a teaser, boy. This cock's gonna give you the greatest pain and pleasure of your life."

He raised his eyelids to show me the adoring look in those limpid blue-gray eyes. I cock-whipped his face again and again, then slapped him with my open hand. He slipped contritely down onto the floor, and I made up for my aggression by cradling his head in my right hand and bending down to tenderly kiss his lips. Kneeling at the foot of the motel bed, we embraced. He had cherished the slaps, he was going to be mine, body and soul.

I slid my hands under his Grateful Dead T-shirt and pulled it up to expose his hairless stomach and the soft hair surrounding his pecs. He had a gorgeous pair of pointed tits. I pushed him gently back against the bed, and he pulled the shirt off, baring his chest. Then, still kneeling on the floor, I brought my pursed lips to his right nipple. I gave it a schoolboy peck, then activated my saliva and spent long minutes alternately swabbing and nibbling both nipples, alternating tenderness and pain.

Greg moaned and squirmed deliciously. He enjoyed pain, loved being manhandled; rugged sex was his thing. Maneuvering his bulky, kneeling body, I undid his pants and pulled them down below his white ass, then pushed him face-down on the floor, his rump thrust upward. I hauled off and slapped his begging mounds. He flinched, then pushed upward for another broad-handed wallop.

"Ow, that hurts!" he cried, then cooed. "Yeah, oh, Yeah. . ." He leaned into my body, exposing more of his pink-splotched cheeks, alternately accepting and resisting the stings inflicted by my open palm. The spanking was really arousing him. His cock was straining and his asshole was twitching, he was ready to get fucked.

Quickly, I leapt to my feet. "Get up, man. I'm gonna shuck your clothes, and then I'm gonna lay you face-down on the fuckin' bed, and I'm gonna ram this fat cock up your precious asshole, and I'm gonna fuck you till you scream for mercy!"

He rose from the floor and removed his own clothes before I even had a chance to get near him. I stripped off the rest of my own stuff and went into the bathroom. I unwrapped the miniature soap, wet it, and ran warm water over a washcloth. When I got back, Greg was lying face-down on the bed, stark naked. His long, fuzz-covered legs extended like parkway ramps toward the pink-streaked mounds. He was totally passive, waiting to be taken, to be used and abused.

After slapping his butt a few more times, I pried his legs apart and began massaging his asshole with the wetted soap bar. He moaned and sighed and growled his submissive pleasure. It was such a turn-on watching his massive body wriggling under my masterly ministrations. The nerve endings in his asshole were like a remote control panel for every muscle in his body.

Most guys have dark-brown assholes surrounded by black hairs. To my delight, Greg's was prissy-pink with light blond hair. His hole was relaxed and yielding and eagerly accepted my groping fingers. I couldn't resist any longer. I knelt between his legs, put my left hand on his shoulder, and with my right hand, guided my cock between his cheeks.

My engorged cockhead pressed inside his hole. As soon as it got beyond his sphincter, he contracted the magic muscle, entrapping my pole inside his fantastic body. I wanted to be completely engulfed. I pushed my cock further into his body and began slow fucking motions. Each in-stroke penetrated further than the last. His groans intensified, and I felt the tight band of ass muscles gripping the shaft of my cock more forcefully. I fucked and Greg's asshole fucked me right back, and his pulsing cock fucked the mattress. We fucked hard and wildly, and soon the wave of mounting orgasm ran through my groin and I spewed a torrent of cum deep, deep into Greg's body.

"I'm shootin', pump-boy! I'm shootin' my load inside your butt, you slut!"

In the hot mist of my lust I heard, "Ah, fuck me, I'm coming! Fuck hard. Fuck me. Fuck, fuck!"

I clung to his writhing body, my cock done with it's spewing but still hard. I felt the total satisfaction of having my manhood buried deep inside the quivering flesh of a strapping, macho young man who craved what I had to give him.

Over the next several months I was more than generous with my gifts. And that cheap roadside motel — and Greg's willing asshole — became like a second home for me and my cock ■

...BANGING A

Richard professed to be straight, but he'd get a throbbing hard-on at least once during every shoot. He'd modeled for drawings, centerfolds, greeting cards, calendars, covers, and ads in all the gay magazines. His fee was never very high, so I knew it wasn't the money that kept bringing him back to my studio. I never touched him except to adjust his pose. I wanted to put him into my work more than I wanted to put him into my bed.

Richard is about five-feet-ten, black-haired, blue-eyed, and of French-Canadian and Irish descent. As an instructor at a Wall Street health club, he has carved himself a powerful body. The light sprinkling of hair on his buns, chest, legs, and belly doesn't hide the cuts and thick veins of his muscles. His cock is smaller than average, but his hard, square, marble buns were what I noticed first about him.

He was sitting at the pier, sunning, in gym shorts and socks and sneakers. It took me an hour to work up the courage to ask him to model for me, and when he responded so quickly and easily I was a bit taken aback. He grinned, wiped his brow, and stuffed his sunglasses down the front of his shorts, giving me a quick flash of his black bush. He seemed to have no shyness at all. I gave him my card and told him to call me so he could see my work and make up his mind about modeling.

He called the next day, and half an hour later he arrived wearing jeans that hugged his butt like wet paper. He looked at my drawings and photographs, both straight and gay, and, liking what he saw, asked my fees. I quoted him my lowest, and he nodded his acceptance. When he reminded me he wasn't gay, I lied and said I had thought so. It was really just the reverse. He looked to me like the classic New York clone—pumped, cut, short-haired, moustachioed, and wired with a Walkman. But I knew I could get a lot of mileage out of him, so I let him have whatever illusions he wanted.

For our first session, I dressed him in gym shorts and tanktop. As soon as the initial portrait shots were finished, I had him slip his shorts down to his knees and raise his tanktop over his head as if he were undressing. His cock dripped a single pearl of pre-cum and started lengthening. He seemed totally unabashed, even proud, but I didn't think that barely six inches was so much to be proud of.

The body, however, was a marvel of

STRAIGHT BUTT

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD A. WHITE

Sam was putting mineral oil on Richard's back, glancing down at his now-famous buns, and Sam started to get a hard-on. I had them reverse positions quickly, Sam standing with his back to Richard as Richard oiled my ex-lover's back. Like bookends, both now sported boners.

sculpted symmetry. I found no bad angles, no muscle overlooked in his bodybuilding regimen. So many clones are built like ice-cream cones—ballooning tits and arms, chicken parts below the waist—but Richard was perfection. His butt was so firm that even when he walked away from me, towards the backdrop paper, it didn't shimmer; the mounds rotated gracefully on thick, hairy legs.

The tiny black hairs at the base of his spine, over his deeply clefted cheeks, added to my obsession with his "straight" butt. I posed him so that as much of his hole as possible was showing. I stood him spread-legged over a mirror and shot down into it. ("These are the dirty shots," he chuckled, when he saw the prints.) I then had him squat on his hands and knees over the mirror, giving the view one would have if one were rimming him. Black ringlets wreathed his puckered, pink hole, and his balls hung low, swinging slightly when he talked or laughed. Finally, I dressed him as a construction worker—jock, boots, helmet, and sunglasses—and in a series of shots he removed those items one by one.

That first set of poses resulted in a series of covers, centerfolds, and greeting cards. The next set—with Richard in a leather jacket, boots, and chains—resulted in a best-selling poster and another centerfold. Not bad for one day's shooting.

He modeled again about two months later, right after coming from the beach. His tan was still shiny with oil, and he smelled of salt and sweat. He was slightly self-conscious of his funky aroma and asked if he could shower.

"Not on your life," I said. "It'll inspire me."

I dressed him in full wing-collar tuxedo and handed him a large champagne glass. I lit candles and seated him on a white sofa to show off his tan. He slowly stripped, shot by shot, down to a semi-transparent black jock. When he peeled the ripe-smelling cloth below his swelling ballsac, his cock rose to attention.

That tuxedo shoot also became a classic—covers, cards, posters, and even a deck of playing cards. I gave Richard samples of all of them.

"You always make my dick look longer than it really is, doncha?"

I smiled and said, "There's a secret. It's the lens and the angle. I'll say no more." I didn't think he needed any more compliments than I'd already given the rest of his body, the parts I *didn't* have to enhance.

I finally took the chance of asking him to model with another guy—no sex, no kissing, just two bodybuilders rubbing each other down and working out. I was stunned when he said yes. The partner I picked for him was an ex-lover of mine. Sam's body is the most remarkable duplicate of Michelangelo's *David* I've ever seen. He is also fair-haired, so I knew he'd complement the bigger, darker, hairier Richard.

At one point, Sam was putting mineral oil on Richard's back, glancing down at his by-now-famous buns, and Sam started to get a hard-on. I had them reverse positions quickly, Sam standing with his back to Richard as Richard oiled my ex-lover's back. Like bookends, both now sported boners. I enjoyed watching Richard's avoidance of any eye contact with Sam. The pictures were a tremendous hit. I later told the editor that the models were straight, and the magazine played that up in the spread, which made their physical contact all that more electric.

It was now six months later, and Richard had arrived even later than usual for our first session in half a year. His excuse? A sore asshole, which had made it impossible for him to ride his bike to my studio. He'd had to walk, poor baby. I didn't bother to ask him how a straight guy gets a sore asshole.

Despite my contempt for his sexual cowardice, my physical attraction to him was undeniable. His beauty had even inspired me to work out myself, so I was a good, hard picture of manly health now. He noticed immediately.

"Looks good . . . real good," he said, lightly smacking my rippled tummy.

His swaggering macho attitude seemed a fraud to me, but I thanked him for the compliment.

He quickly stripped down to a pair of transparent black boxer shorts. Everything showed through, even the hairs on his ass. "Like 'em? Anne bought them for me. They're real silky, like her panties." He chuckled a bit and then had me feel the fabric.

"Polyester," I said coyly, "but nice. Aren't they awfully warm though?"

Richard toyed with a prescription jar and said, "Nah, I'm used to nylon gym shorts anyway. This is the shit I have to use on my ass." He held it out for me to see. "Doctor says it's probably nerves, holding my ass too tight or somethin'," and he chuckled.

I read the label, didn't recognize the medicine, and handed it back to him. "Probably some antiseptic cream with painkiller in it," I said off-handedly.

"Will it show in the shots if I put it on? I mean, I dunno watcha got in mind for today."

I told him we were going to dress him as a bodybuilder, with weights in one hand, money in the other, and a cock ring on his prick. "It's a story of bodybuilders who sell sex to support their careers as statues," I sneered.

Continued to page 28

GO FOR IT!

Sometimes you get what you ask for, and more.

Section photographed by Robert Laliberte

GO FOR IT!
He needs some attention.
And this stud deserves it too.

GO FOR IT!

Here's your chance. Don't blow it. He's yours for the asking.

GO FOR IT!

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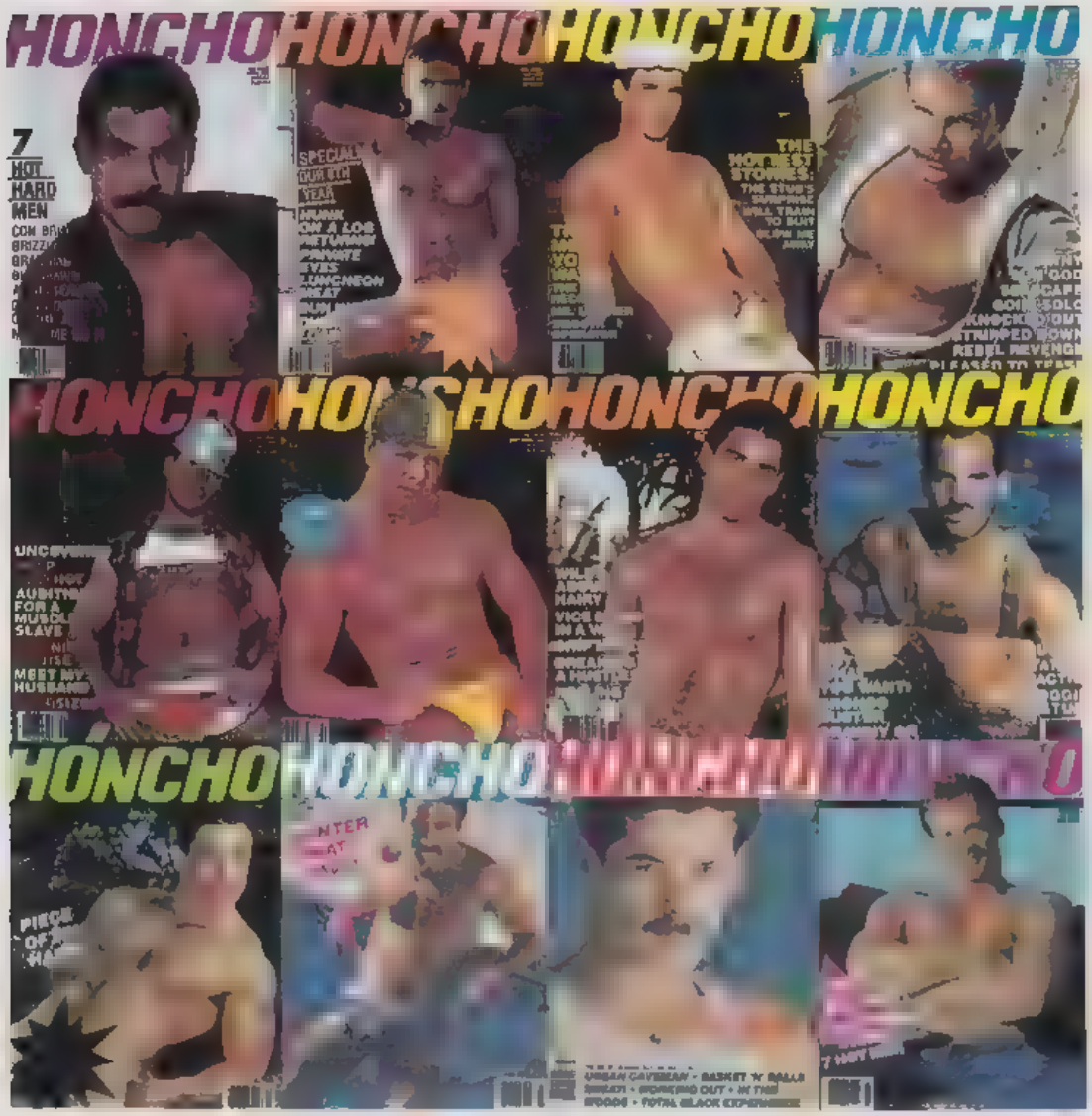

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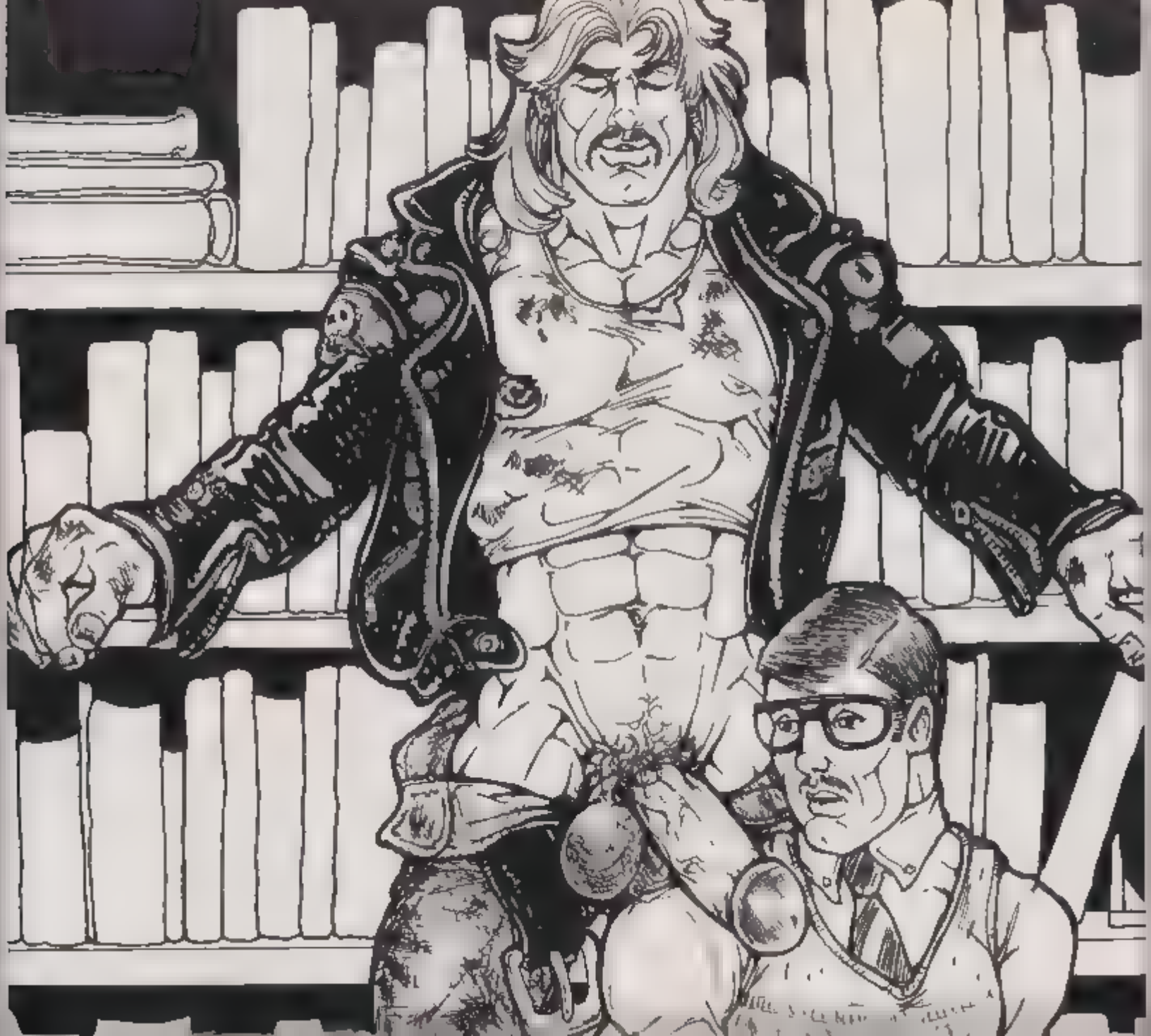

HARD RIDER

BY DAVID RANK • ART BY MATT

I am the librarian of a medium-sized town in the Midwest, and when you hear my story you'll understand why I can't be more specific than that. It's a small library and the staff consists of me, my assistant, and two clerks who handle checkouts and returns. My office is the research desk. In a larger library I probably wouldn't see the public at all, but here I spend a good bit of my time helping people find information. I like it that way.

One day three years ago this biker came in. You know the type—big and brawny with shoulder-length, wind-tangled blond hair, a Fu Manchu moustache, skin-tight, grease-stained boot jeans, and a leather jacket. Like most gay men I find myself assessing men in terms of their attractiveness to me. On the one hand, this guy was very masculine, very well muscled and showed a big bulge in his tight jeans

PETRONIUS
MATT.

My quiet routine at the library was disturbed by this big, burly biker. He wanted information about bikes and he insisted I find it for him. We were deep in the stacks when he suddenly whipped out his cock and demanded that I suck him. I pretended I didn't want to do it, but he saw right through me. "I said suck my cock," he ordered.

But on the other, he needed a bath and his clothes were dirty—not at all my type. I go for the preppy look. Not, mind you, that I ever do anything about it. I'm middle-aged, look like a librarian, and I'm rather shy. So I don't do much, but I do look. And dream. About the college boys, mostly.

The biker came over to my desk. "You got anything on fixing Harleys?"

"I believe so. I would look in the card catalogue under automotive."

"Okay," he said, "go look."

Clearly he was one of those who needed everything done for him. Whether they're intimidated by libraries, or just lazy, the effect is the same. But I have learned that it's easier just to do it for them than to try to explain how it's done.

"Come with me," I sighed.

We went to the catalogue and found several applicable books. I found myself getting intrigued. His problem was rather technical, and while I have no interest in motorcycles, I enjoy research on any subject. We ended up in the stacks together, thumbing through repair manuals. I was on my knees pulling books out and handing them up to him, and he was standing over me reading. I looked up at him and suddenly I wasn't thinking about books. His jacket was open and his T-shirt was very tight, and from my vantage point on bended knees, he was quite imposing. The man was built like the proverbial brick shithouse, if you will pardon the expression, with jutting pectorals and a rippled stomach, and his crotch at my eye level, bulged out in my face. My breath caught in my throat. When he glanced down, he caught on right away.

"You like the view, faggot?" He dropped the book, grabbed my head, and mashed my face into his groin, rubbing my mouth on that meaty bulge. "Wanna party?"

I was frightened—of him, of his suddenness, of being caught. "Please, no," I croaked.

"Sure you do. I got a nice one. A nice big one."

He had finished unzipping his Levi's as he spoke, and now he pulled his cock out through his open fly. It was big, big and fat just as he had said, and it filled his hand.

"Come on, faggot, open up," he growled, rubbing the head on my lips.

I was scared not to, and to be honest, part of me wanted to. I wanted to taste what he was offering. I let my lips part, let him shove his cock between them. It started to get hard right away. My jaws were open wide, but his meat was getting so thick my mouth would barely fit around it, and so long that it was pressing against the back of my throat. Even so, most of it had yet to pass between my lips. The base was about nine inches from my lips—the damned thing must have been a foot long!

"Come on, man, suck it, work it," he ordered.

I did my best, bouncing my head up and down over perhaps half its length.

"Yeah, man," he said breathlessly, "like that. Yeah."

I stared up his incredible torso as I gave him head, his broad shoulders and chest now heaving as he panted his pleasure. My own dick was rock-hard and throbbing in my pants. I gave in completely at that moment, gave in to this big stud who had practically forced his dick into my mouth, gave in to my own long-unsatisfied lust. I opened my pants and pulled out my dick and started masturbating, all the while continuing to slurp on his monstrous lollipop. With my free hand, I explored his chest, his thick arms, his broad back, his hard buttocks. He let me touch him all over, as long as I kept sucking his cock. And boy did I suck! I was bouncing my mouth on it, trying to take as much of it as I could, making a wet pussy of my mouth and lips for the pleasure of my brutish stud.

I heard a kind of strangled whimper from the end of the aisle, and there was my assistant staring goggle-eyed at the two of us, papers falling from her hands. One of my nightmares had come true. Here I was on my knees before this greasy biker slobbering on his cock and masturbating, but even with her staring at me, I didn't want to stop. Hell, I *couldn't* stop. I just went right on eating that big dick and jacking off.

He grabbed my head so he could fuck my face. He started pumping his hips, ramming his foot-long cock into my straining mouth, and then he pushed harder and the damned thing went down my throat. I was strangling, but he kept humping.

"Oh Jesus, man, I'm gonna shoot!"

I felt his monster cock swell up even thicker, and then suddenly he was pumping his cum into me. I could taste it as it squirted out of the head of his dick and into my mouth. That did it for me. I started squirting, dripping jizm onto my trouser legs.

The biker eased his dick out of my mouth and stuffed it back into his jeans. He pulled me to my feet and daubed me with his oily kerchief. I must have looked pretty dazed. He asked if I was okay, and I nodded. He picked up the book, and said, "Thanks, buddy," and sauntered off.

I just stood there with my dick hanging out. My assistant had gone away. I slowly pulled myself together. The first thing I realized was that he had taken the book. Then I realized that he had also taken my wallet. He had picked my pocket as he helped me up. The more I thought about it the madder I got. That arrogant bastard had played me like a cheap fiddle. He'd gotten a blow-job *and* my wallet. All I had gotten was a mouthful of cum and a ruined reputation. My assistant was the typical prune-faced spinster, forty years old and probably a virgin. Now, not only had she found out I was gay, but she had spied me giving a blow-job to rough trade in the stacks. What a way to come out. I decided I had better speak with her.

Her only comment was, "I don't want to talk about it. I don't even want to think about it, it makes me throw up."

All I could do was hope she was so revolted that she wouldn't talk to anyone else. I didn't want to be fired, nor did I want to get a reputation as the town queer. I went home early. I needed a drink, and I had to get the pecker tracks off my pants.

By six o'clock that evening I had mostly gotten over it. For one thing, there was nothing I could do. For another, I was half drunk.

"You like it, all right, you little slut. You like getting a big one up your butt, don't you? *Don't* you?" The answer was caught in my throat. Yes, I really did love it. I loved being taken by this big biker and I couldn't get enough of his huge dick.

The doorbell rang. In our town you don't have peepholes or chains; you just open the door. I did, and there he was. As I stood there speechless, the fucker walked in like he owned the place.

"What in the hell are you doing here?" I asked.

"Bringing these back." He handed me the book and my wallet, pulled off his leather jacket, and plopped down on the couch.

I looked through the wallet. "There's forty dollars missing," I said accusingly.

"I needed parts to fix the bike," he replied. He gestured at my beer. "Could I have one of those?"

I was outraged. "Absolutely not! You get out of here!"

"Don't be like that, man. Treat me nice and I'll let you cop my dick again." He spread his legs to show off his fat—and fattening—bulge.

"I'm calling the police."

I started walking toward the phone. I didn't really *want* to call the police and have to come up with a story, but I figured the threat would get him to leave. It did get him up off the couch, but instead of going out the door he grabbed me. I tried to jerk away, to hit him—anything—but he was every bit as tough as he looked, and I was as helpless as a child in his grasp. He worked my beer out of my hand and held me while he chugged the bottle.

"Don't you want to suck my dick again?"

I shook my head.

"Okay then, I'll butt-fuck you."

Then I really started struggling, but it didn't do me any more good than before. He just skinned me out of my bathrobe and I was stark naked in his muscular arms. He pushed me to the floor and straddled me. He pulled off his T-shirt. God, he was well built! Huge, gorgeous muscle under smooth velvety skin and lightly furred with fine, blond hairs.

That's it, asshole, I thought to myself. *Ogle the bastard.* But, damn it, I couldn't help it!

He unzipped his Levi's and worked them down off his hips. Out flopped that big cock of his, even soft, it was as thick around as his wrist. Somehow he got his Levi's off while keeping me pinned to the floor. Now he was naked too—a naked animal.

Even then, about to be raped, I couldn't help admiring that magnificent body. And he knew it. He knelt there, letting me ogle him, getting off on it, getting a hard-on. The damned thing lengthened three inches in only a few more seconds, dropping down until the head was resting on my belly, and then it lifted up until it was standing out from his blond crotch—a foot of dick sticking up between his timber thighs.

He fished into his pants pockets and pulled out a tube of petroleum jelly. The bastard had planned this all along. He had known this afternoon that his dick was going to be in my ass tonight. He slathered the grease all over his monstrous weapon and slid his grease-covered hands up and down the length of it. Then he grabbed my hips and flipped me over and started working the tangerine-sized head between my cheeks. I felt my asshole ripped open under the incredible pressure of his downward thrusts. I tried to squirm away from what felt like a battering ram, but he held me tight and pushed even further into me.

"Oh God, please, it's too big!" I screamed.

"That's your problem, faggot. I want this ass." He was still working the damned thing into me. His muscles knotted as he lunged forward with his hips.

I cried out, half in agony from the pressure and half, I must admit, from a kind of crazed lust. I was gagging from the pressure in my guts, but there was still more to come. Then his hairy crotch was rubbing against my butt, and I knew that big biker dick was all the way up in me. I twisted on it, trying to ease the pain, and then suddenly it was like something in me shifted around, and while I was still stuffed full of cock, the ache felt good. *Good!*

"Oh, God," I moaned.

"Yeah," he gloated. "You like it, don't you? It's real big and you like that, don't you, faggot? Well, my dick likes your nice, tight ass."

He moved on my butt, grinding his dick inside me, stirring my guts. Then he started fucking me, pumping his hips, thrusting his dick in and out of my ass. It was so big, so hard, and he was pumping my asshole with it, screwing me viciously, with his big, stiff cock—and I was responding. My dick was hard, and I started panting with the pleasure of the pressure and the pain.

"You like it, all right, you queer little slut. You like getting a big one up your butt, don't you? *Don't* you!"

"Oh, yes. . .oh, yes . . . oh, *yes!*" I cried, as he rammed it up me again and again. My hips started moving. I was pushing my butt back to meet his thrusts, opening my ass even wider for his vigorous invasions. I had surrendered completely now. I *wanted* the bastard to screw me, wanted my ass to play pussy to his big cock.

The big biker pulled us up onto our knees, grabbed my hips, and continued his brutal fucking. Only now my ass was thrust out at him, and my puckered hole was gaping open for his assault. *Oh, God,* I thought, *I want it like this. I want to be used like this, like a whore.* I looked back over my shoulder. His face was twisted into a snarl, his muscles bulging with his effort as he pumped that foot-long cock into my ass. I stared in amazement at his monster prong as he pulled back and then plunged forward again. How could I take anything that big? How could it feel so good? I stuck my ass up higher, like a dumb cow getting it from a raging bull. My dick was aching with excitement. I started beating my meat as he fucked my butt. I moaned and groaned and ground my ass against his crotch and jacked my aching dick.

I was shaking now, violently, ready to come at any moment. That big biker cock was forcing the cum out of me. I was coming, and the cum was spraying out of my dick, and he was saying, "You coming? You coming? Oh God, me too!" He ground his prick so far up in me that I could feel it twitching and jerking in my stomach.

When he was done—long after my fountain had ceased to flow—he pulled his cock out of my ass. "Now can I have that beer?" he asked, very sweetly.

He's been here ever since. I work, do all the housework, and pay all the bills. All he does is work out, tinker with his bike, and ram me whenever he's horny, which is constantly. He calls me his pet faggot.

It's been the happiest three years of my life ■

MATT

"Does it feel good to get fucked in the ass? I mean, this doesn't hurt at all. Feels fucking great in fact." I replied cooly, "I don't get fucked that much. I prefer to do the fucking." He grinned and grabbed my sausage through my sweatpants. "I can see why," he said. "Why waste a tool like that?"

Banging A Straight Butt

Continued from page 10

Richard's smile faded. "Do some of them really do that, ya think?"

I had to work hard to swallow my aughter. "Sure," I said. "Why work if you don't have to?

I set up lights and the barbells as props. Richard stripped out of the sheer black shorts and struggled into the cock ring.

"Haven't you ever used one of those?" I asked.

He looked up at me, shrugged, went back to what he was doing, and said. "Nope. Never needed one. I always get hard real easy."

I walked over to him and helped him fasten the metal snaps on the leather band. "Like this. Real tight."

He walked to the stand, then rubbed his butt a bit, wincing.

"Does the medicine sting?" I asked.

"No, I didn't put any on. I was afraid it'd show in the shots. Maybe *you* could do it, so it won't show. It's a funny color."

It was indeed a puke orange. I couldn't believe he had asked me to apply it. "All right, stand with your cheeks spread," I said softly, walking to him under the bright quartz lamps. He straddled the stand, a foot above the floor, and spread his cheeks wide open. I slicked my index with the gook and aimed at his angry, red hole.

"Careful," he said, chuckling, "I'm a virgin."

I slid my finger into his tailpipe and he hissed a bit as I went in. I wanted to shove my whole fucking hand in there after his last remark! "Does that hurt you?" I asked.

"No, the medicine feels cool and soothing. Keep puttin' more in there."

I stuck two fingers into the goop, then slid my middle finger into his steamy vent and ran the other around the outside. He was no longer hissing, he was moaning now. His balls swelled back against my hand and I could feel the thick vein under his groin filling his horn with blood. He spread his butt cheeks wide apart and told me to put more in, especially inside the hole. I greased my finger again and slowly rotated it inside him.

"Man, you sure know how to handle ass. That feels great! Let's get this shooting going. I feel bettter now."

He turned to face me, and at the tip of his cock a tiny stream of pre-cum glittered in the lights. He'd *never* been so hard! His cock stood up proud, throbbing and making circles in the air. The silvery stream stretched unbroken to the floor and shimmered like an icicle. His knob was a deeper purple than I'd ever seen—the cock ring was doing its job. We finished the shoot in record time. I didn't have to wait for his hard-ons. That porker stayed engorged for a full hour.

Afterwards, my throat was so dry from lusting after his asshole that I went for some wine in the refrigerator. I offered Richard some, and he accepted. He also lit up a joint. He stood behind me, smoking still hard, still wearing the cock ring.

"I like this thing. Feels great on my cock," he said. "I'll hafta try one on Anne."

"Why, does she have trouble keeping a hard-on?"

He laughed. "You know what I mean." He toked his joint. "I mean put it on me when I fuck her."

I chuckled at his dimness, poured our wine, and went back to the living room. He put his jeans under him and sat next to me on the sofa, his hard-on still bobbing in the air.

"Look at that. I mean, I always get hard *easy* but this has been up for an hour already."

I smiled and sipped my wine. "You forget who's been looking at it more than you have."

He laughed. "Oh, yeah. Right." He was stoned already. "Listen, can you put some more of that stuff on me. I think my sweating has made it not so good anymore," he said slowly, his tongue thick from marijuana.

"Sure," I said. I felt calmer with half a glass of wine in me. "Stand in front of me and spread."

He sprang up, handed me the sticky substance, and bent to touch his toes, his hole right at my eye level. I slicked my hand up with goo and slid around his hole.

"That medicine feels great in there," he sighed.

It's not the medicine, it's my finger that feels good, I thought to myself.

"Fuckin' Jesus, you can really handle ass. I heard some boxers use dildos to relax their asses before a fight. Is that true, ya think?"

It is, if you want it to be, I thought. "I don't know," I said.

"Does it feel good to get fucked in the ass? I mean, this doesn't hurt at all. Feels fuckin' great, in fact. Sweet Jesus, I *like* it!" His head hung upside-down between his gigantic thighs, the dope apparently going to his brain.

"I don't get fucked much. I prefer to do the fucking."

He grinned at me and grabbed my throbbing sausage through my sweat pants. "I can see why," he said. "Why waste a tool like that?"

I was still probing his manhole, watching it loosen and get slick and slimy as my finger wormed around in it. He was

Continued to page 76

Reaching Out

He hates to wait for the next call.

Section photographed by Maxx Studio

Reaching Out

Give him a call. He's hung up on reaching out.

Reaching Out
He loves having his line all tied up.

Reaching Out

THE HITCHER, THE TRUCKER AND THE COP

BY CHARLES CHESSHER • PHOTO BY CITYBOY

Scott Barnes thrashed about the 18-wheeler's sleeping quarters like a fish out of water. "I'm getting close!" he warned.

The trucker, Hank Jones, a short, stocky man of about forty with a mat of black chest hair, slowed down his thrusts. The young man's blond-haired butt was searing, his prostate ready to burst, but Hank didn't want him to shoot just yet. Hank pulled his dick back until it was almost out, then he moved it slowly back into the kid's ass, driving it in all the way to the base. As their balls slapped against each other, Hank reached down and twisted Scott's tits. "You like Daddy's big dick in your butt?" he asked through clenched teeth.

Scott would have done anything at this point to keep the trucker's dick inside him. He was dying to shoot—and he knew Hank knew it. "Yeah, Daddy, please. Fuck me hard," he begged. "Don't stop."

Hank started ramming hard again, and by the third thrust Scott passed the point of no return. He shot his load in heavy gushes that covered his stomach, as well as the surrounding sheet, in cream.

Hank slowed down to catch his breath. "Oh, man," he said, his gaze still focused on Scott's throbbing peter, "that was quite a load." His thrusts picked up speed again. "I'm gonna fill your ass with my cum," he promised. Just then his dick jerked inside the young man's hole. He spurted again and again until the thick juice began to seep around his tool and, finally, out onto the bed covers.

Afterward, as he climbed down from the sleeping quarters into the harsh Texas sun, Scott began to rebalance his perspective. Hank had told him last night that the rest stop was just outside of a town called San Marcos, about 150 miles from the coast. If he was lucky, if rides came through as he hoped, he could be at the beach by nightfall. Scott's main goal in hitchhiking to Texas was to bake away any remembrance of the bitter Minneapolis winter. He hadn't bothered to tell his folks when he left that he was halfway thinking about not going back to college in the fall. They were upset enough by his hitchhiking. Hell, he was twenty—"old enough to make my own decisions." Over his mother's protests, he had

walked out of the house with nothing but the clothes he was wearing, a backpack, a hundred bucks cash, and a determination to have the fling of his life. So far he hadn't been disappointed.

Scott waved good-bye as Hank pulled his rig out of the rest stop and onto the service road. It had been fun, Scott thought, but he had been glad last night when Hank told him the two were headed in different directions. The last thing Scott wanted now was some asshole trying to force a bad trip on his head. From his experience so far, he knew he could find another ride—easy.

He stretched his tall, lithe body and slung his backpack over his shoulders. He looked around and noticed that the other truckers had left, too. He felt his peter, half hard with pee, brush against his thigh. As he recalled last night's circle jerk with five truckers and, later, his sex with Hank in the 18-wheeler's sleeping quarters, his dick jerked into a full-blown erection. Damn, he thought. How had he held all that beer for so long? He needed to pee bad.

As the sun beat down on him, he checked his bare chest. He would have to put on a shirt before long. Like most blonds, he tanned easily, but he hadn't had the chance to build up his exposure yet, and he was leery of a painful burn. His brief, ragged cut-offs would have to do, since he hadn't even bothered to pack a pair of long pants.

Standing beside a picnic table, he started to pull out his dick to pee, but he reconsidered when he looked down the sloping knoll and saw the heavy traffic on the interstate. Besides, he thought, he could use some cleaning up. He walked across the road and into the restroom.

Inside, Scott walked up to the aluminum urinal and pulled open his pants. His long thick dick, still half-hard, fell to an eighty-degree angle from his body. As the stream of golden piss flowed into the urinal, he put his hands on his hips and admired his tool. Just looking at it triggered a flow of blood, and his bulbous, pink head pulled past his foreskin, restricting the flow of piss. He had to look up at the wall, to think of something else, to allow his dick to relax enough so that he could finish relieving himself.

After he finished peeing, he turned around and walked to the sink, which was on the wall opposite the urinal, and looked at himself in the mirror. Considering that it had been a couple of days since he'd bathed, he decided he didn't look half bad. Although his shoulder-length hair was a bit limp, he was still presentable. Washing his face and brushing his teeth would have to do for now.

As he searched through his backpack for a toothbrush, a car pulled up just outside the door. A door slammed, footsteps approached, and in walked a state trooper. Scott's heart raced. The trooper, his eyes hidden behind aviator sunglasses, nodded and walked over to the urinal. Scott's first instinct was to get out of the bathroom as quickly as possible, but the image of the policeman in the mirror made him freeze. The trooper stood in front of the urinal, his legs wide apart. After unzipping his pants he had to lean over slightly to pull his dick out. Scott noticed with a start that the trooper's tool was about two inches longer than his own and that it was so big it took both of the man's hands to hold it.

Scott was almost six feet tall, but the trooper dwarfed him. It was hard to tell the man's age, but he was considerably older—maybe thirty-five, Scott guessed. He had broad shoulders, a thick, black moustache, and closely cropped black hair. Scott felt scared and excited at the same time. He wished he could turn and walk out, but his feet were glued to the floor.

As the trooper was shaking the last droplets off the end of his dick, he turned his head around and looked at Scott.

Scott flinched. Could the trooper tell that he had been watching him in the mirror? Why the fuck hadn't he walked out of the restroom sooner? Scott moved down the wall and punched the button on the blow dryer and stood in front of it to dry off his face and hands. The trooper walked over and stood in front of him, his legs spread apart, his feet balanced on the heels of his boots, his arms folded across his stomach. Scott couldn't help but notice the big dick outlined in the trooper's pants.

"Where you headed?" The lawman's voice was deep, but the tone was friendly.

"Down to the coast. Port Aransas. Maybe over to Corpus Christi." Scott didn't want to appear nervous, but despite his efforts he thought his voice quivered slightly.

The trooper absently reached down and scratched his crotch. He readjusted his stance and brought his hand up and under his chin. The chin was square, with a deep cleft in the center. "Hitching rides?"

Scott was glad he had had the foresight to find out before he left Minnesota that hitchhiking is not illegal in Texas. "Yep," he answered honestly. "I'm out of school for the summer. I thought it would be fun to come down here for a change."

The trooper nodded. "Do you have any identification?"

Scott pulled his wallet out of his pocket

AT LAST

TAN WITHOUT THE SUN!

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As the trooper was shaking the last droplets off the end of his dick, he turned his head and looked at Scott. Scott flinched. Could the trooper tell he had been watching him in the mirror? Why the fuck hadn't he walked out of the restroom sooner? The trooper walked over and stood in front of him. "Where you headed?"

and handed his driver's license to the officer, who looked at the license and then back at Scott

'Minnesota. You're a long way from home." He kept looking directly at Scott "Follow me to the car," he ordered "I have to run a check on you "

When they got to the car, the trooper told Scott to get in. Scott sat down on the passenger side, and the trooper got behind the steering wheel and reached for the police radio

'Headquarters, this is 128," he said dryly

The radio crackled. "Come in, 128." It was a female dispatcher

"I need to run a license check Last name, Barnes: "B" as in boy, Andy, Ralph, Nancy, Earl, Sam. First name, Scott " He also gave the dispatcher Scott's age, Social Security number, and place of residence

As headquarters ran the computer check, Scott fidgeted in his seat Sweat dripped from his underarms, and his stomach was queasy He prayed that he didn't have any outstanding tickets he'd forgotten about back in Minnesota

The trooper must have noticed Scott's concern. Turning toward the young man, he smiled and reached over and put his hand on Scott's shoulder. "Don't worry, Bud," he said "You check out clean and you don't have anything to worry about."

Scott managed a feeble smile

The crackle of the radio speaker made Scott jump. "128, this is headquarters Over'

The trooper reached for the radio microphone. "This is 128. Over"

"Negative on your check."

The trooper placed the microphone back on its clip and looked at Scott He smiled again and reached over and patted Scott's shoulder. "I'll take you out to the highway." He started up the car and headed for the entrance to the interstate.

As they passed through San Marcos, Scott began to wonder where the trooper was taking him. Finally, he had to ask. "You gonna leave me on the open road?"

The trooper laughed out loud for the first time. "Don't worry, Scott I'll take care of yo■ "

Scott must have had a worried look on his face, because the trooper laughed again and held out his hand "The name's Clint," he said, shaking Scott's hand firmly. "You know, I have a personal life out of this damn uniform. And I can tell you right now, Scott, I'm mighty thankful that I'll be officially off duty in about ten mintues "

A couple of minutes later Clint took an exit off the interstate. At the bottom of the ramp he turned right onto a two-lane county road that weaved up the side of a small hill. At the top of the hill he turned right again, onto a dirt road. A cloud of dust followed the patrol car as he drove the 200 or so yards to the front door of a mobile home. He stopped and turned off the engine

"This your place?" Scott asked

"Home sweet home."

"I don't see any other houses around."

"I've got 200 acres here," Clint said, smiling. "Can't stand to be closed in by neighbors. I thought you might like to come in for a beer before I take you out to the highway." He got out of the car and motioned for Scott to follow him into the trailer

What the hell, Scott thought, following Clint. As they stepped inside, the first thing Scott noticed was the heat. It was almost unbearable

Taking off his sunglasses, Clint leaned over the back of a couch in the living room and flipped on a window air conditioner "Sorry about this damn heat," he said, turning toward Scott and unbuttoning his uniform shirt, giving Scott his first look at the trooper's eyes. They were a rich, deep brown, dark enough for his gaze to bore clean through a person, Scott thought. "By the time we've had a couple of beers, the place will be cooled down In the meantime, I'm gonna get into something more comfortable. Get us a couple, will you?"

"Sounds good to me."

Clint went to the back of the trailer to change, and Scott walked over to the refrigerator and took out two cans of beer. When he turned around, he saw that Clint was now wearing only a jockstrap. Scott felt a tingle in his crotch as he surveyed Clint's body. It was a swimmer's body with the added bulk and dimension of age. Thick black hair formed a T across his upper torso.

"Let's get comfortable," Clint suggested, motioning Scott toward the living room.

Scott sat in an overstuffed chair next to the bar that separated the living room and kitchen. Clint plopped down and spread his legs wide apart in the middle of the couch directly across the narrow room from Scott. He leaned back and took a big gulp of beer. "Ah," he sighed, "nothing better after a day's work than a good, cold beer"

Following Clint's lead, Scott took a long swig, and as the warm glow settled in his stomach, he felt more relaxed. They talked about the only thing they had in common at the moment—the open road

"Been hitching long?" Clint asked after they'd had another beer

The alcohol, and Clint's relaxed attitude, had dissolved Scott's apprehensions about the lawman. "Nah, not until this summer. I had to get out of Minneapolis for a while, and being short on cash, it was the only way."

"I know what you mean Back in the early seventies, before I got into the patrol, I did a bit of bummin' around myself Hell," Clint said, grabbing the crotch of his jockstrap, "if I didn't get this big thing sucked at least once a day I'd get mad as hell."

The thought of sucking Clint's cock made blood rush to Scott's dick, and he adjusted himself in the chair to hide it.

Clint got up from the couch and walked

The thought of sucking the trooper's cock made blood rush to Scott's dick. The trooper got up from the couch and walked over to Scott's chair. Looking into the younger man's eyes, the trooper reached out and fondled Scott's crotch. "You know," he said, "I sure could use some of this."

over and sat on his haunches beside Scott's chair. Looking directly into Scott's eyes, he reached up and fondled the young man's crotch. "You know," he said, "I sure could use some of this." Then he reached up and kissed Scott on the lips. Scott returned the kiss, and he reached up and played with the older man's tool, which, like his, was already rock-hard.

As their lips parted, Clint stood up and took Scott's hand. "Let's go back to the bedroom," he suggested, helping Scott from the chair. "I think we'll be more comfortable back there."

In the bedroom, Clint stood facing Scott. His dark-eyed gaze followed his hands as he reached under Scott's T-shirt and fondled the young man's erect nipples. Then, in light strokes, Clint's big hands followed the contours of Scott's body, down the lean, sinewy torso with its tufts of soft, blond hair, to his washboard belly.

"Mmm," Clint hummed, his black eyes filled with lust, "I could eat you alive."

Scott gave in completely as Clint's mouth reached for his. Clint's long, thick tongue parted Scott's lips, and his hands plunged down Scott's back and inside the seat of his cut-offs, where they kneaded and rubbed the young man's melon-like buns.

Clint drew away from Scott slightly, reached down, and pulled the T-shirt over the hitchhiker's head. Then he unbuttoned Scott's cutoffs, and when they fell to the floor, Clint stood back and took in the beauty of Scott's naked body.

"Man, oh, man," he said, the glow of lust spreading across his face and down across his chest, "have I got me a little stud this time!"

Although he felt a little embarrassed by Clint's unrestrained praise, Scott nevertheless reveled in it. He reached up and tweaked the older man's tits and rubbed his hand across the mat of black chest hair, and then followed the narrow line of hair that ran down to Clint's flat belly. "The pleasure's all mine, believe me," he said. Then, he pulled Clint to him. "It's my turn," he said as he pressed his mouth against Clint's. Scott's tongue was the invader this time.

As they drew apart, Scott reached down and pulled Clint's jockstrap away from his bulging dick. Then, without saying a word, he bent down and took the eight-inch dick in his mouth. As Scott's mouth engulfed the warmth of the thick member, Clint let out a moan of pleasure. Scott continued to slither back and forth across Clint's pulsating dick. Finally, Clint reached down and pulled the back of Scott's head toward him so that Scott could reach the base of his dick.

After a few more deep thrusts, his hand fell from Scott's head and he said softly, "Let's get on the bed. My mouth is hungry for you, too."

As they fell onto the bed, face to face, Clint plunged his tongue into Scott's mouth once again, and his hands went to Scott's crotch. As they kissed, Clint explored Scott's throbbing cock and big balls. Then he drew away and bent down to take Scott's dick in his mouth, latching onto the fresh, young tool with the gusto of a wino rimming a bottle of Night Train.

Scott started fucking Clint's mouth, lifting his butt off the bed in rhythmic lunges that allowed Clint to take in every last inch. "Oh, man," he said, thrashing his head from side to side on the pillow, "that feels wonderful. Please, don't stop."

But suddenly Clint did stop.

Pulling himself to his knees, he drew Scott's legs apart and got between them. "I can't let you go before I've had some of that pretty ass." He reached under the bed for some K-Y and greased Scott's butt. Then slowly he pushed his eight-inch rod into the young man's quivering hole. "You're gonna love this," he promised.

As Scott closed his eyes and sank his head deep into the pillow, Clint started pumping his tight ass in earnest. Clint rammed his big dick in and out, in again and out—deeper and deeper, harder and harder, faster and faster. Scott raised his legs higher so Clint could plunge all the way to his prostate; then Scott reached down and began pumping his own dick.

"Oh, man," Scott pleaded, his voice little more than a whimper, "stick that big thing all the way in me. Do it—hard!"

Scott didn't want it to end—ever. But after a while, Clint's voice broke through the rapture. "I'm gonna come!"

As if Clint's words were the cue he needed, Scott came first. He shot long, thick streams of cream all over himself and into Clint's moustache. A split-second later, Scott felt Clint pumping his butt full of manjuice.

Satiated, for the time being at least, the two of them collapsed face to face on the [redacted].

After a few moments of silence, Scott finally spoke up. "Clint," he said sheepishly, "could we do it again—before I leave, I mean?"

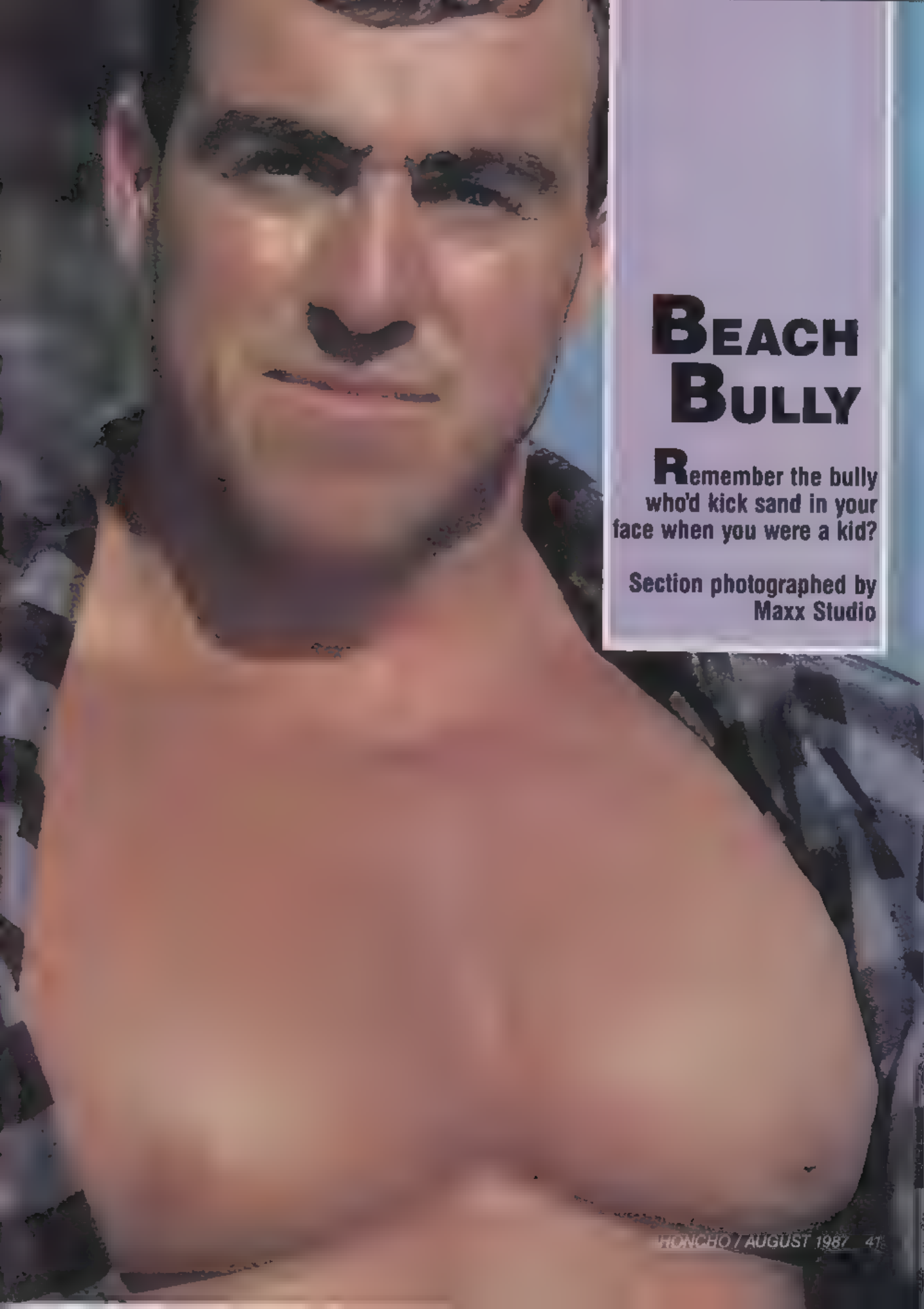
Clint smiled broadly and reached over and squeezed Scott's half-erect penis. "Can't you young studs ever get enough?" he asked, winking.

But before Scott could answer, Clint was greasing his own butt with the K-Y. "It's your turn, Babe," he said. "How do you want me?"

Scott's pole jerked with anticipation. He got to his knees on the bed and began stroking his thick, seven-inch dick from its base to its cobra-like head. When he pulled forward, his honey-toned foreskin completely covered the head of his dick, when he pulled back toward the base, the foreskin retreated with his hand, revealing the shiny pink head with a deep piss slit in the middle. "I want you to turn over on your stomach."

Without protest, Clint complied. As Scott

Continued to page 75



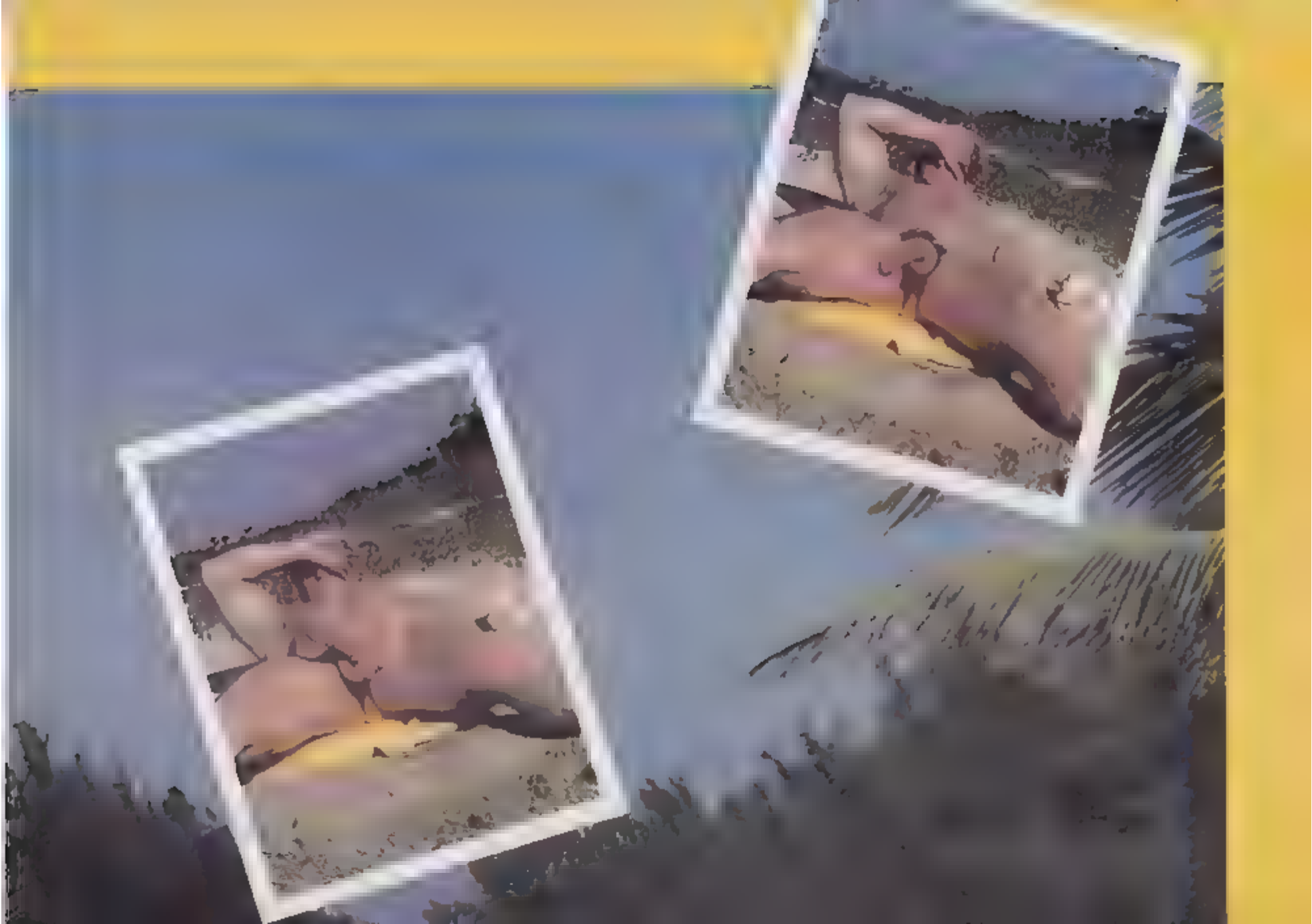
BEACH BULLY

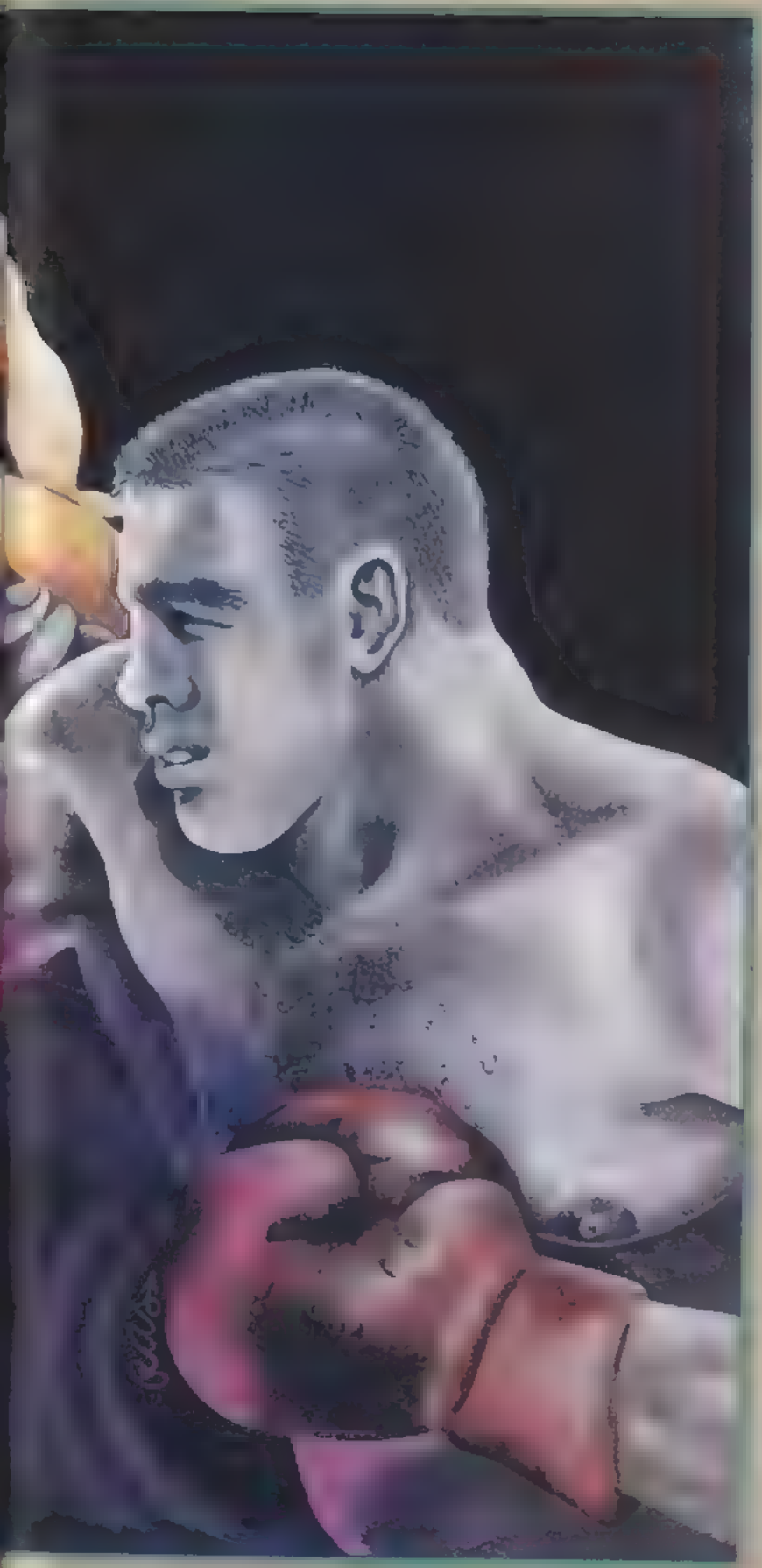
Remember the bully who'd kick sand in your face when you were a kid?

Section photographed by Maxx Studio

Beach Bum
It looks like he's got other games in mind. Grown-up games.

Beach Bull
You can trust him. Maybe he'll let you rough him up this time.





STAG FIGHT

I stared again over the top of my beer at the barkeep. Again he turned his big blues away from my gaze, but I could tell by the twist of his hips as he moved around, and by the way he would stoop to fetch a bottle or bar towel and pooch his tight ass in my direction, that he wanted me to talk.

I didn't think we had the same kind of small talk in mind, though.

"Tony Johnston," I said to him. "Do you know where I can find him?"

"Don't know him."

"Small guy. Young, thin, tight, smooth. Good ass."

"He's sounding better."

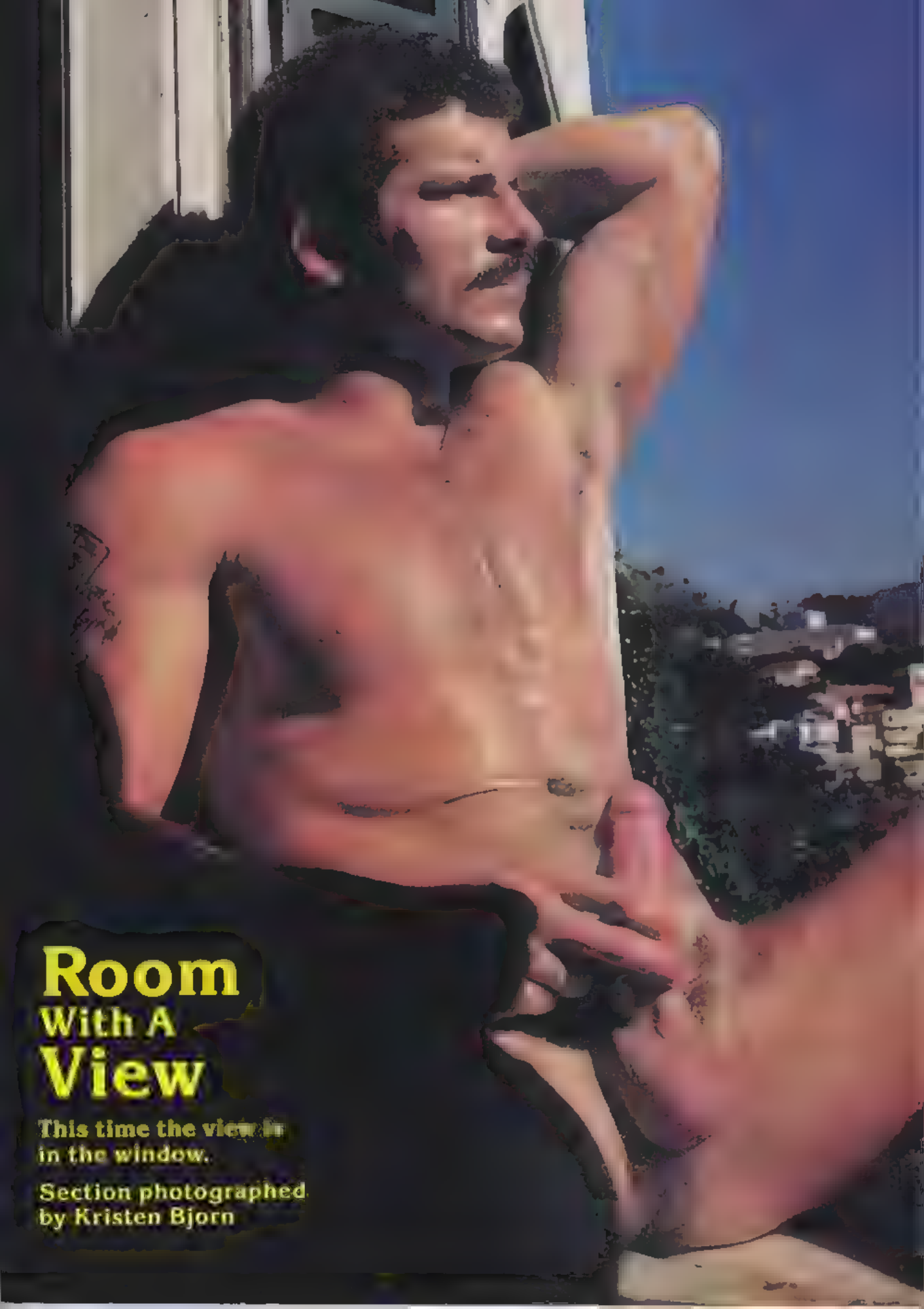
"I know he hangs out here. Do you know where else I can find him?"

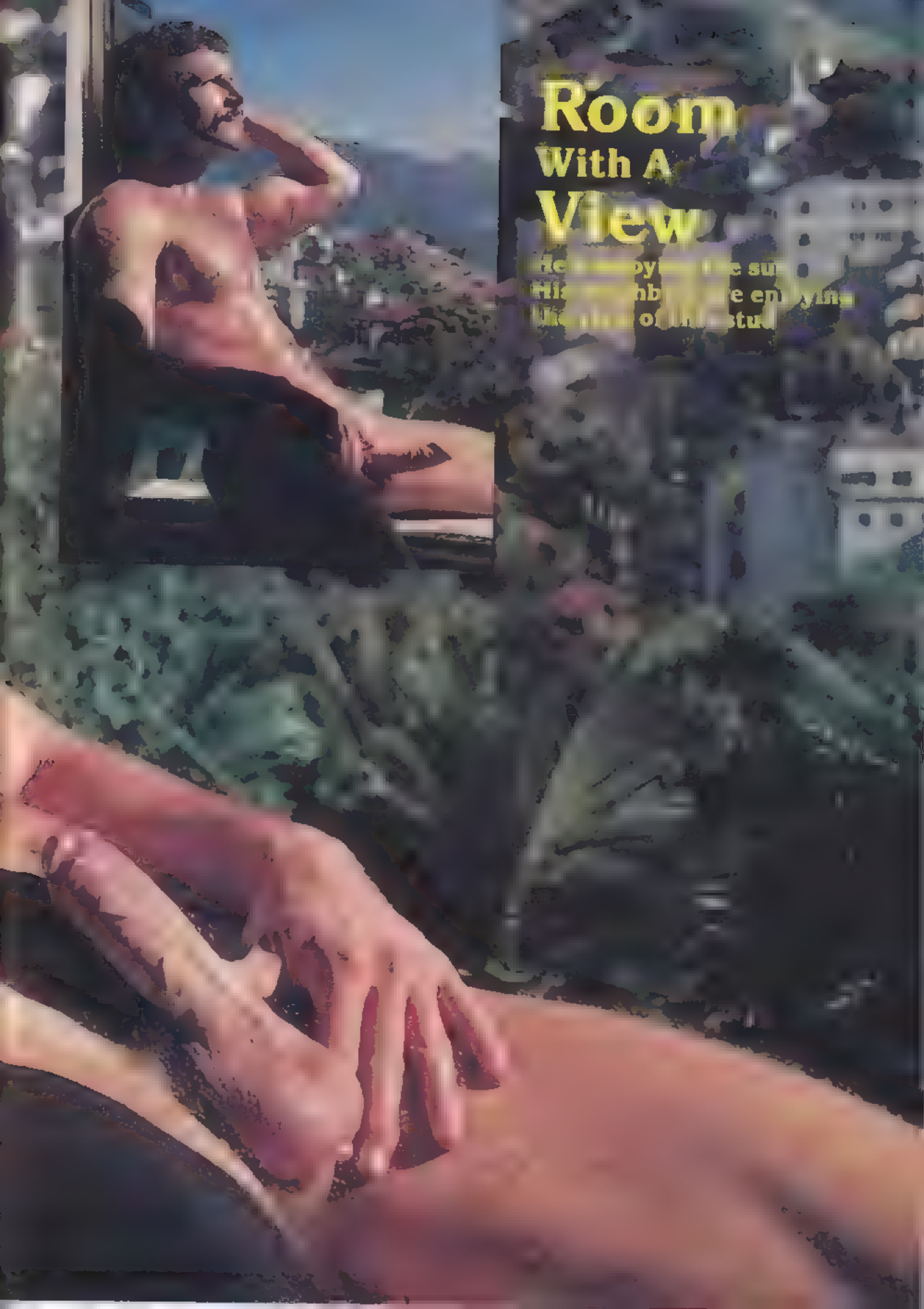
We both glared at the only other patron in the bar, who had just left the video game machine and was walking out the front door.

"You can do better than him." He set his elbows down on the bar in front of my face and peered at me.

"I don't want to *do* him. I want to *find* him."

The bartender smiled, rose from the bar, and turned around. "Can't help you," he answered, his back to me. *Continued to page 85*


Room
With A
View
This time the view is
in the window.
Section photographed
by Kristen Bjorn


Room
With A
View

POW
A
ARIZONA
AL PIERCE

Ace grinned and felt a stirring in his groin. Sunny always had that effect on him; he was fun to be with and real easy on the eyes. Sunny had seen—and done—it all during his time on the rodeo circuit. "They all want only one thing, Ace, a big dick and a man who stays in the saddle for hours."

ACE CRAWFORD: BULL RIDER

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY PIERCE

Ace Crawford tooled into Prescott, Arizona, on a hot June evening with an aching back and a hard-on from long hours on the Harley. His balls were overloaded and tender. He hadn't shot a wad since the overnight stop at the Bide-A-Wee Motel in Utah, over three days ago. The young mechanic who had worked over the trusty hog, at a garage across the street from the motel, had taken one look at Ace and, knowing a hot man when he saw one, sneaked into Ace's room while the biker was asleep and crawled into bed. The rest is history.

Ace wasn't impressed with Prescott. Over five years ago, he'd been in this little town—with the billboard proclaiming it as "Everybody's Home Town"—when he'd decided that city life was no life for a man, and that he needed some fresh air. That was the same week his cop buddy had been shot in the ass during a holdup at the old Playboy Club in NYC. Ace had decided it was time to split the police force and head for greener pastures. He had done a stint on the rodeo circuit and wound up in Prescott, taking first prize in bull riding. He slipped a disc and that was the end of his rodeo days.

He had gained the respect of every man on the circuit and hated to give it up. He looked like every fantasy cowboy all rolled up into one—tall, lean, muscle-plated in all the right places. The leather chaps drew a lot of attention to his mounded crotch and powerful ass. Ace was friendly, good-natured, with only a hint of meanness dancing behind his eyes. He always walked away from a fight unharmed and showed he had no hard feelings by helping the other men to their feet and shaking hands and buying them drinks.

No one in a rodeo asked a lot of questions. Background wasn't important; it was performance that counted, nothing else. The men liked working in Prescott because it was all fun and games and, unlike most of the rodeos, there was no show business shit. That is, until the jaded eye of the television tube honed in on Prescott. A lot of the cowboys started getting 35-dollar haircuts and pressing their Levi's, and there was a big run on plaid shirts at Sears. Even the western hats looked new and blocked. Ace had always felt that the rodeos were the last bastion of masculine pride left in these good United States. Then television came in and vani-

ty took hold. The rodeos haven't been the same.

Looking out of place in his biker's leathers, Ace walked into Matt's Saloon on "whiskey row" to hunt up some of his old buddies. He ordered a cold draught beer, and when he looked across the crowded room, he spotted Sunny Carson.

Ace grinned and felt a stirring in his groin. Sunny always had that effect on him. Fun-loving, handsome, and about as dumb as the bulls he rode, Sunny was hard-muscled and lean, with short, sun-kissed hair and blue eyes that somehow remained innocent, despite a bad divorce and the countless rodeo groupies who had shared his bunk. "They all want only one thing, Ace, a big dick and a man who stays in the saddle for hours."

Ace smiled as he remembered how often he'd heard Sunny Carson brag about his powers in the hay. He'd been roped and tied when he was seventeen by an older woman who worked in a beauty parlor. She claimed Sunny had knocked her up. Sunny was dumb enough to believe her and, in his own words, "did the right and proper thing." He found out later that the rug rat could have belonged to any one of a dozen different cowboys, and after his divorce, he fucked out what few brains he had left.

A lot of chicks took him on once and that was that. One girl, Billie Lee Tucker, once confided in Ace over boilermakers that her pussy was so sore five days after Sunny had fucked her that it hurt to pee. "You know, Ace," she confided, "his dick isn't as big as yours, but that thing stays in overdrive for hours. If there's such thing as a male nympho, his name is Sunny Carson! His balls are like bull balls---always loaded. I'd never go through that scene again!" All the time Billie Lee was telling Ace about Ole Bull Balls, she was groping Ace's crotch. She finished telling her sad story, then slipped onto the floor and under the table and hauled out Ace's wrecker and deep-throated it like a starved junkyard dog.

More than a little drunk, Sunny was dancing the Texas two-step all by himself at the juke box and singing right along with Tammy Wynette at the top of his lungs, like a cat with a turpentined asshole. He was so damned good-looking, and he hadn't aged a day since Ace last saw him. Like certain legendary actors, Sunny carried his own spotlight. No matter how dark or dreary things might be, he could walk through a door and bring the sunshine into the room with him. He might not be too smart, but everyone smiled when Sunny was around.

When Sunny spotted Ace, he charged through the crowd to get to him. "Ace!" he yelled. "You ole shit-kicker. Hey, everybody, Ace is back!"

Everyone turned to look, but none of that crowd knew Ace from shit or shinola. Sunny made a grab for him, locked those long, lanky legs around his waist, and started hugging him and pounding him on the back. Ace was forced to grab Sunny's butt cheeks to keep in an upright position.

"Man, I've missed ya, Ace. Where ya been? Want a beer? Got a place to stay? Shit, Ace, you're gonna bunk with me. Got a trailer now. You ain't gonna stay in no fuckin' motel!"

Ace didn't protest. It would have been useless. Anyway, the idea of bunking with Sunny turned him inside out. Sunny steered his old friend outside and the two of them mounted the Harley, Sunny's hot crotch pressed up against Ace's backside as they tooled off to the trailer, near the rodeo grounds.

"Ain't she a beaut, Ace? She's all paid for an' everything. I got me a place to call home at last. Even got a shower. Wanna take one? Want some chili? Got some fresh made. Real Texas four-alarm. You shower, and I'll heat it up."

Ace couldn't get a word in edgewise. He just smiled and went to take a shower while Sunny heated up the chili. On the way, he passed the big, comfortable-looking bed in

the back room. There were steer horns painted bright-red hanging over the headboard and maybe a hundred Polaroid shots of naked ladies taped to the knotty pine paneling. Silk and nylon panties hung from those steer horns like signal flags. Dumb Sunny might be, but he was smart enough to talk those ladies out of their panties. Ace noticed one pair had a big red heart right over the crotch, and that big red heart was in shreds.

Ace quickly got undressed, turned on the water, and jumped about five feet straight out the bathroom door. The water was ice cold.

"Hey, I thought you said you had hot water!"

"Sorry, Ace, I forgot to tell you the handles are reversed. Shit, you are turnin' blue." Sonny stood laughing for a minute, then handed Ace a shot of rye. "Drink this. It'll put lead in your pencil."

"Maybe so, but that four-alarm chili will eat it right out again."

Ace stayed in the shower till he felt the cycle vibrations leave his thighs and he was so relaxed and so horny he was seeing little red spots behind his eyelids. His tower of power was so stiff it nudged against his navel, and his balls felt like lead weights as he soaped them. He was right in the middle of whipping up a vanilla milk shake when Sunny shoved aside the shower curtains and jumped in beside him. Ace quickly turned his back so Sunny wouldn't see he'd been jacking his meat.

"What the shit, Sunny?"

"No use wasting water, Ace. Might as well use it while it's hot. It only heats a tank full at a time."

It was a little crowded in that shower stall, and Sunny kept brushing up against Ace. Sunny's dong brushed the other man's hip several times and once it plopped against his ass like a live rubber hose. Ace glanced down and saw his host push back his foreskin to wash his cockhead. Not only was Sunny's dick long, it was topped with a knob that looked like a ripe tomato. Ace shuddered to think what it might do to a man's asshole, and he couldn't help but think of all the pussies that had been wrecked. Poor Billie Lee.

Sunny soaped Ace's back right down to the ass, and Ace's cock jumped against his belly like a scalded dog. Ace had to return the favor of course; he stood as far away as possible from Sunny's delectable ass. It was the first time he'd seen Sunny naked, and he could hardly breathe.

When Ace got out of the shower to dry off, he noticed that Sunny had his fist around his cock and was jacking the soap into a froth in time with his singing. Ace got out of that bathroom fast. He put on his trusty jock and started to pull on his leathers, but ole Sunny jumped out of the shower and handed him an old bathrobe that almost fit.

Sunny's cock was still semi-hard, and it flopped back and forth against his thighs as he towel-dried his hair. He slipped into a pair of boxer shorts and snapped them over his belly, the dense cock bush peeking through the fly. Ace was beginning to think he was going to die right on the spot if Sunny didn't stop showing off. But Sunny *wasn't* showing off. He was just being his own, dumb, puppy-dog self.

It wasn't till after they'd polished off a half-gallon of chili and several bottles of Lone Star beer that the evening started to take a different turn.

Sunny was seated with his back against the wall, his legs spread in front of him on the hard sofa, his big balls hanging out of one leg of his boxers, the head of his cock resting over them. Ace, seated in an old armchair that someone had covered in fake pony skin, could hardly keep his eyes off Sunny's three-piece set. He was happy to be wearing that roomy old robe. Sunny's upper torso was tan, and his pecs were like slabs of cured beef. His nipples were as pink as his cockhead. The broad shoulders, the muscled arms, the blond hair of his armpits, the big, calloused hands and short fingernails—everything about Sunny turned Ace on.

They talked over old times. Larado Showalter had opened a country-and-western bar, and old Poon Jackson had busted his last bronc and got stomped on. He was now working in a 7-11 and hating it. Split Roye had gone off to Hollywood to be a stunt man. Not too many of the old crowd were left, but they had a lot of laughs reminiscing.

Then Sunny brushed his big left hand across his face, a gesture indicating that he wanted to change the subject, to something perhaps a little less cheerful. His hand came away from his face and landed right over his cock. He was frowning, and the frown looked out of place on his usually smiling face. Something was eating him. Ace waited.

"Say, Ace, I got me a little problem," he started, a look of pain in those clear blue eyes. "You ever hear of a lady called Dr. Ruth on TV?"

Ace told him he had.

"You know, a lot of guys call her about sexual stuff. Well, I got to listenin', and I think I got me a problem of a sexual nature."

Sunny with a sexual *problem*? Unheard of.

"It's like this, Ace. I think I've got what's called too much sexual energy."

Somehow Ace didn't think that was a problem and told him so.

"But Ace, it *is* a problem." Again the hand went across the face as if he were brushing away a cob web. He drew those long legs up and crossed his arms over his knees and rested his chin on his arms, looking for all the world like a kid who had just lost his dog.

"See, Ace, I met this girl. I mean, well, I really love this one, and according to Dr. Ruth I ain't sensitive to her needs. I ain't romantic. I just love to fuck. Some lady called in and said that's all her old man wants—just hop on and hop off."

"Come on, Sunny, I can't believe that's *your* problem."

"Sure, you know I can go half a dozen times a night, but hell, Ace, she wants more. It's called foreplay, and I don't think I do it. Don't know exactly what it is."

Ace explained foreplay, and Sunny listened as if Ace had lost his mind.

"Hell, Ace, I can do that. But Ace," he almost whispered, "I just can't bring myself to eat pussy."

"Why not? Don't you like a good suck job?"

"Yeah."

"Well, if she can eat your dick, you sure as hell should be able to eat her pussy."

"Ace, don't you ever tell this to a living soul, but, well. . .I don't know how!" His chin was trembling. Ace thought for a minute the younger man was going to cry.

"Look, Sunny, does your chick give really good head, hit all the right spots?"

"Yeah, she's tops."

"Well, hell, it's not all that different. You know about her clit, right?"

"That little bump?"

"Yeah, that little bump. It's just like a tiny cockhead."

His eyes widened. A look of disbelief spread over his face. "Shit, Ace," he laughed, "you're puttin' me on. She don't have no cock. Bullshit!" He jumped up and danced around the confined space, slapping his thighs and laughing like a loon.

"Now control yourself, Sunny. I didn't say she had a cock. I meant it's just like a cock when it comes to sensation. What her tongue does to your dickhead, your tongue can do to her clit. It's about the same feeling."

Sunny sank down on the bunk as if he'd just been told he'd inherited a million dollars. "Well, I'll be damned. No wonder she likes me to play with it. Ace, I swear I didn't know it could make her feel that good." He looked at the floor, letting the idea sink into his brain. "Then you think I should go south and eat me some poon?"

"Why not?"

He shook his head from side to side and again brushed his hand across his face. All the while, he was fingering his cock, a habit of his when he was trying to think straight. "Maybe I won't do it right. I don't want her to know I ain't got any experience. She might go around tellin' her girlfriends

In a flash, the two of them were buck naked on Sunny's bed. It was Ace's turn first. He pulled out all the stops. Sunny started to sweat and moan as Ace flicked his tongue around and hit all the sensitive spots. "Your turn, Sunny. Let's see if you can do the same thing to me."

I cain't eat pussy worth a shit. Hell, Ace, she might even buy a vibrator! Ah, fuck. I need practice. Someone to teach me. I gotta find a girl who won't tell anyone and ruin my reputation."

"How about Shirley down at Matt's Saloon? She's always been hot for you?" Ace suggested.

"Naw, she's married now, to Matt. That's out." He paced again. "Rita . . . naw. . . maybe Arleen Crowder. . . too fat. I know! Ah, heck she moved. I'm outta touch, Ace. I've been goin' steady with JoAnn almost the whole season. How can I marry that poor, sweet little thang if she has to go through life not gettin' her pussy eat? All because I don't know how. Ace, you gotta help me. You just gotta!" His chin started to quiver.

"Well how the hell can I help ya eat pussy if you don't have one to eat?"

"Think of somethin'. You got brains, Ace. Think!"

He was clutching his bull balls now, and his cock was on full tilt and poking out his fly. It was so hard that the foreskin was trapped behind his wet cockhead. Men are often accused of thinking with their cocks, and ole Sunny was Exhibit A.

"Well," Ace sighed, "I guess there is one way . ."

Sunny jumped him and held his shoulders in a vice-like grip. "What? Tell me, Ace. Don't hold nothin' back. What?"

Ace sighed again and looked pained. "Well, Sunny, we could practice by ourselves."

"How?" Sunny was almost yelling.

"On each other"

Ace stopped breathing. Sunny started jerking on his cock, trying to think.

"How?" Sunny roared. "I don't see how."

Ace took the bull by the horns and told him. Sunny turned beet red

"Ace, that's fag stuff!"

"Shit, Sunny, they both taste alike if they're clean."

Ace wasn't too sure about that, but sometimes you gotta lie. Sunny flopped down on the floor, stunned, and started beating his meat again.

"I'm just tryin' to help a good buddy. But if that's the way you feel "

Ace started to get up, but Sunny pushed him back against the coach.

"Ace, you mean to tell me that I should practice on your cock?"

"I said I'd show you how—if you can get your head on straight. We could wear raincoats."

"I don't own no raincoat. I like the rain."

"Rubbers, Sunny, rubbers."

Sunny started jerking the jerky again "That don't seem too bad. Maybe you're on to somethin', ole dawg"

In a flash, the two of them were buck-assed naked on Sunny's bed, with the red-enameled cow horns and the panties and the photos staring down at them. It was Ace's turn first. He pulled out all the stops and tried to remember the instructions in the Kama Sutra. Sunny started to sweat and moan as Ace flicked his tongue around the flange and hit all the sensitive spots. Even with the rubber, Sunny was getting hot. When he mumbled, "Don't stop now," Ace did. "My turn, Sunny. Let's see if you can do the same thing to me." When Sunny started flicking his tongue around Ace's cockhead, the biker's toenails curled

"Am I doin' it right, Ace?"

Ace could barely speak, his mouth was so dry. "Work over that one spot some more. You ain't got the hang of it yet."

"Here?"

"Yeah, now try and—oh, shit, I'm gonna, I'm gonna . ." and did he ever. The fucking rubber got so loaded it swelled up like a balloon. Ace's cock was swimming in cum, the rubber barely touching the shaft.

When Ace finally regained his senses, he looked down to see Sunny staring at that loaded rubber, smiling and ready to burst with pride. "I did it, Ace, I did it. You come!"

All Ace could manage was a grunt. He was overcome with satisfaction, but a brush fire of guilt was burning him right to the bone.

Sunny jumped up and started the Texas two-step again, holding on to his cock, his enormous balls bouncing like two tennis balls in a brown sack. Ace lay there panting and somehow still horny, and when Sunny flopped down onto the bed, Ace went down south to show his student a few points he needed to work on. Sunny was so excited he held Ace's meat in his cowboy hands and fucked away until he yelled like a wild horse and unloaded a balloon-full of cowboy cream.

Three days later, Ace was ready to split. Sunny followed him around like a puppy dog. They were both so creamed out Ace thought he'd never get another hard-on. He lost four pounds in those three days of instruction.

Ace gave Sunny a bear hug and started down the driveway to pick up his trusty hog. Sunny followed.

"Hey, Ace, thanks for everything. You done saved my life. I cain't wait to show JoAnn what I learned. I'm a professional now, and here I thought I always knew all there was about sex."

"Look, Sunny, there's just one little thing. I think you better hold off on that last thing I taught you. At least for a while."

"How come?" he asked, puzzled.

"Well, some chicks don't dig anal penetration, ya know, and maybe you oughta hold back on that" Guilt, guilt, guilt.

"Heck, Ace, I liked that best"

Ace knew he had. Ace's asshole was so raw he could hardly straddle the bike. They hugged one last time, and as Ace tooled away from the trailer, Sunny yelled, "I'll never forget ya, Ace!"

Somehow the morning air swept all the guilt away. Ace smiled for weeks. He always wondered how in hell Sunny explained to his girl why an old worn-out jockstrap was hanging over his bed on those horns, right next to all the panties. ■

Cocksure

He's pretty sure he knows what you want, but he likes to be asked.

Section photographed by Barry

Cocksure

Looks like he has a lot to offer the right man, and he's sure that's you.

Cocksure

He's sure of himself too. He's not going to rush.

Cocksure

STEVEN BLAKE

AN ALIEN HEAT

BY GREG LOGAN • ART BY STEVEN BLAKE

It's been almost thirty years since they first came to our planet. Thirty years since they tried to conquer us as a race, wielding their high technology to get what they could have had for the asking, except that the shipping of live humans across the galaxy to breed and be eaten would never have been part of the bargain. But no, they had to do it the hard way. They wanted our flesh *and* our water. But we beat them. We beat the fucking hell out of them. So now they transport cow embryos and water, in trade for some of their technology of course.

I lost my father to them in that underground five-year war. I don't remember it. My mother was pregnant with me at the time. She was one of the freedom fighters, and still has a special hatred for "lizards," as she calls them, but I have little experience to build any real dislike upon. In Washington and some of the other major cities, you will occasionally see one on the street. They no longer wear their pseudo-human covering like they used to, when they were trying to gain our blind trust.

I met one the other night. I mentioned that you occasionally meet one on the street, but you meet them more often in bars, despite the fact that such places are off limits to them. It seems that they very much enjoy the effects of alcohol. But they can't handle their liquor, which is not surprising considering the arid world they hail from.

I suppose the oddest thing about my meeting was that it occurred in a *gay* bar. I know, I know, who ever heard of a gay lizman? We discussed that—which I will get to later.

I arrived at The Pitstop around nine, and I knew immediately that something was up. Nobody even glanced at me as I walked in. Not that I'm anything great to look at—five-ten with a slight beer gut—but I still look pretty good in a T-shirt. I manage to get to the gym once in a while.

Anyway, a person usually gets the old once-over, but not this time. The distraction was sitting (slouching actually) at a corner booth. Ugly? God, he was ugly. Hell, they're all ugly to me. And in case you were born yesterday, or don't have video, or an encyclopedia, I'll render a description of this beast. Take a well-built human being, paint his skin a semi-glossy greenish gray, and sprinkle on some tiny scales. Now take the head off and put a lizard's head in its

place; the garden variety will do. Next, flatten the face, but not all the way. Stop around Neanderthal. Put in cat eyes with orange contact lenses, give him tiny, flat ears and a thin mouth that's almost too big for the face. How's that for something only a mother could love? Oh, I forgot the nose. Put a ridge just above the mouth and then poke two little holes in it. There's your nose. Now I suppose you want some of the juicy details. Well, hold your balls, I'm getting to them.

As I was saying, there he was, slouched in the corner, wearing the dirty-red jump suit that they all seem to favor. I stopped momentarily and stared. His eyes narrowed and I moved on to the bar and ordered a beer. I kept my back to him and took a very long drink. I watched his reflection in the mirror. I could swear he was looking back. I gulped down the rest of the beer and ordered another. When it came, I turned my back to the bar and looked around. Suddenly I had become one of two "people" at this end of the bar, and the bartender was moving away.

I decided to make eye contact with the stranger. (God, was he strange!) We studied each other for several minutes, only breaking the gaze to take gulps from our beers. He seemed to have an intense interest in the bulge at my crotch. I looked at his, but could discern no bulge. In fact, as far as I could tell, this *he* might be a *she*. The jump suit was tight enough that it should have shown something, even seated.

I brought my half-empty bottle to my crotch—purely as an experiment, you understand—and began a slow rub up and down. Suddenly a long, thin, forked tongue slithered out of his mouth and then slowly withdrew. He did this several times, and my dick began to get hard. I think *he* may have been experimenting on *me*! I also noticed that a very slight bulge and a very prominent wet spot had appeared between his legs. He may have been an alien, but his cruising and sexual responses were very, ah, earthy.

I finished off my third beer, ordered another, and began to approach him. The whole bar was staring at us as I slid into the bench across from him. At this close range, I caught a subtle hint of his strange, musky body odor. My heart rate went up a notch. His gaze never left me, and this time when his tongue flicked out, it was faster, and I felt it had a different purpose.

I had absolutely no idea how to start a conversation with this kind-of-green, kind-of-lizard person. With some effort, he pulled himself into a more respectable posture, which placed us nearly face to face. I held out my hand. He took it, and I introduced myself, only slightly distracted by the feel of his much cooler, much tougher skin.

"My name is George."

In perfect, though somewhat slurred, English, he replied, "Hello. I am Steve." Strangely, it looked as if his mouth had stopped moving before the words had finished, like a badly dubbed movie.

I kept the grasp, but stopped shaking his hand. "You're kidding. Your name is Steve?"

He released his grip and replied, "That is the name I have chosen for the translator." Again the out-of-sync voice and mouth.

"Translator. What translator?"

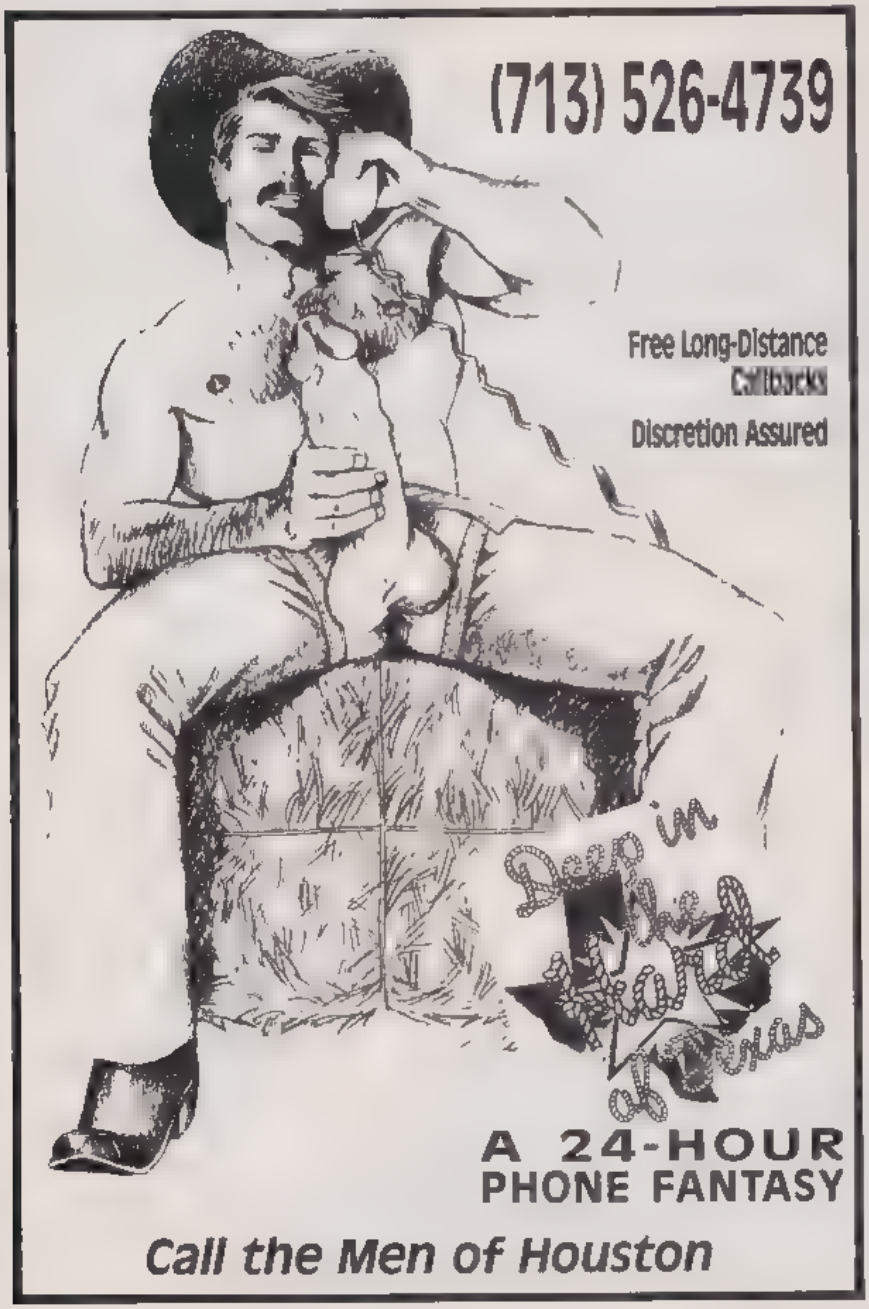
He touched his throat. "Here. Implanted." And then touching one of his small ears, he added, "And here, so I can understand you."

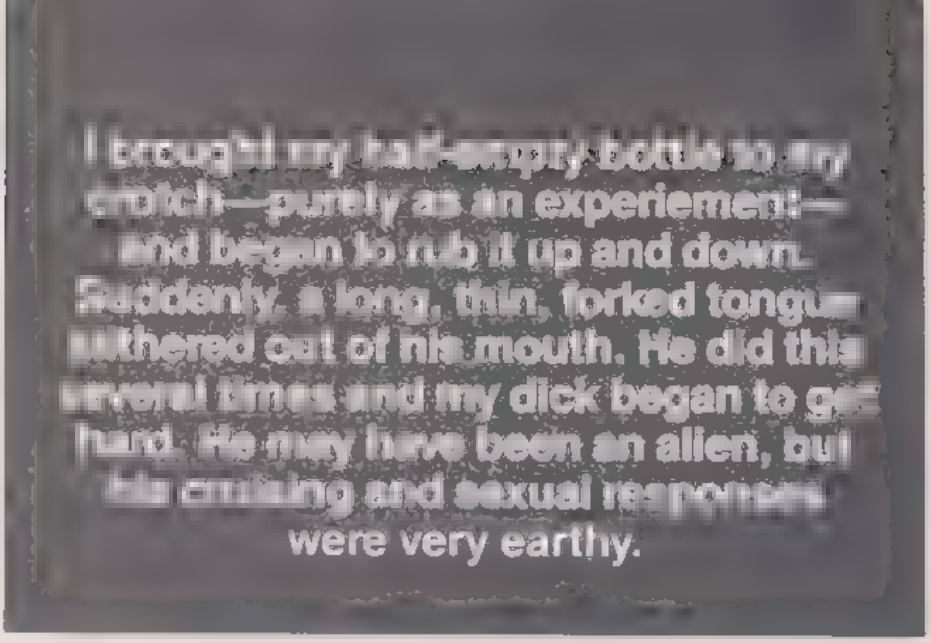
I shook my head. "Incredible."

"Yes. Isn't it?"

I finally smiled, and I think that's what broke the tension. I wasn't sure, but I think he smiled back. His wide mouth seemed to get a little wider.

"So, Steve, why in the world are you here, if you don't mind me asking? Or do





you even know what kind of place you're in?"

His eyes narrowed on his green face as he drew back to study me, or study the question, or possibly just to belch, which he did. He finally answered, "Yes, I know where I am. And I suspect I am here for the same reason you are."

I shook my head again, and then smiled, "Your perfect English is messing with my head. I feel like I'm in the twilight zone."

"I sympathize with your confusion. I, too, am hearing a perfect translation to my language, except for your reference to an area that is between sunrise and sunset. It must have a special significance to you, but it does not come across."

"It's not important," I replied. "You said you were here for the same reason I was. I usually come here to find a sex partner."

We maintained eye contact as he replied, "I had to do a lot of research to find this place. You know it is strictly forbidden by mutual consent of our governments for our species to mate, since it was discovered that despite our chromosomal differences, fertilization can occur. But on our planet, as on yours, there are those who care nothing for procreation or involvement with the opposite sex. I have studied you as a species. You have an interesting anatomy. Strange, soft, like a . . ."

One of his words failed to translate, but I didn't want to change the track of the conversation. I smiled instead and said, "On this planet we call sex among different species bestiality. And it is still against the law."

There was a long pause and a shift in the lizman's eyes that seemed to convey concern.

"But that probably doesn't apply to interstellar species," I added. "Besides, if you don't tell anyone, I won't."

He relaxed a little and took another drink of his beer. He was quiet for several minutes, during which his long, thin tongue performed the sliding motions I had seen earlier. My dick started to get hard again.

"I would like to engage in sex with you," he announced quietly.

"Okay. Let's go to my place. I've got a car."

I stood up, and as we left, all eyes followed us to the door. There would be wild speculation tonight!

During the fifteen-minute drive we said little to each other. At one point he seemed likely to pass out, but I poked him and he recovered. The last thing I needed was an unconscious lizman in my car. "*No, officer, I'm not his sponsor. Yes, officer, I know they're not allowed to drink. No, officer, I'm not kidnapping him.*" God!

Once inside my trailer, Steve scanned his new surroundings—tan walls covered with cheaply framed prints of cowboys on the desert and sunsets on beaches. The furniture was late Goodwill. The shag carpeting was just plain late.

He looked back to me and asked, "This is your home?"

I replied that it was, and he offered no other comment, but began, "We do not normally wear clothing on our planet. The temperatures are extremely hot, and what we do wear is only for certain utilitarian functions. I am very uncomfortable and would like to remove this." He indicated the jump suit.

"Sure, go ahead. I don't care for clothes myself."

He pulled at some invisible seam and the front of the material separated. I began removing my own clothing, while keeping a steady eye on my partner-for-the-night. I was more than curious to see what he might have between his legs. The one thing the lizmen never gave us was any biological information concerning their species, and though some bodies were examined during the war, none of the kind of information I was interested in was made public.

I had to stop in the middle of undressing when he pulled the suit away from his body. I almost gasped in shock. There was *nothing* there! I mean *nothing*! I got this horrible feeling in the pit of my stomach, but somehow I managed to finish undressing. The lizman stared at my cock and balls, then looked into my face, then back again. I think *he* was in shock.

"I have seen pictures," he announced, "but I never really understood."

"Well, you've kind of stirred my imagination too, buddy. I have to ask—you are a male, aren't you?"

He pulled his gaze away from my dick with an expression that I could only read as total disbelief, which slowly changed to one of humorous understanding. "I need to use your restroom."

"Follow me." This was going to be interesting, I hoped. I led him to the bathroom, which fortunately was pretty large for a mobile home. I lifted the lid on the toilet and said, "Piss in there."

As Steve positioned himself over the commode, I watched a hole open in his belly several inches above the bottom of his crotch. Then his meat slowly slid from the opening and hung straight down in front of him. He began to piss a clear stream. It very much reminded me of the way a horse dick slides out of its sheath.

His soft cock was six or seven inches long, I'd say, and kind of fat. But there wasn't much resemblance to a human dick. It had no head at all. It was completely blunt. And it was very wet all over, with

translucent, veiny skin covering it. Its color was that of dark, red beef

When he finished, I watched as the cock withdrew into its hold, but it stopped just before disappearing and then extended itself again, slightly larger and no longer hanging straight down this time but curving away from his body in a long arc.

Again the lizman's cock withdrew and extended. He continued to do this, pulling the stiffening meat into his body and then pushing it back out. I began to pump my own dick as I watched his no-hands jerk-off. In minutes we were both hard, and while clear pre-cum was oozing out of my slit, a yellow fluid formed at the end of his jutting rod

I reached out and ran my hand along his slick ass. We moved away from the toilet and pulled together, alien skin against alien skin. His wet, hard meat forced itself between our bellies as it continued to piston in and out of his abdomen, jabbing and crawling along my stomach. We explored each other's flesh. Finally, our hands came to rest on each other's randy rod

The alien shuddered as he pulled my foreskin up over the head and then forced it back down to the base. I sucked in my breath, grasped the slick, wet lizard rod, and slid my fist along the veined shaft. The first few strokes wet my hand and made the alien cock a little dry. The shaft disappeared momentarily and then reappeared with a new coating of wetness, the excess dripping to the floor. The final strangeness was his lack of balls, which I assumed were tucked away inside his body somewhere.

I stroked the sticky-wet, veined shaft of the muscular alien, and a musky, animal smell rose from the manipulations of my hand. I felt myself being pulled to my knees by intense desire. Kneeling before him, the strange smell—as overpowering as an unwashed, uncut cock—pulled me ever closer. I opened my mouth and let the blunt tip of his alien dick enter. My heart raced as I licked and swallowed and let the flavor of alien meat settle on my tongue—an earthy taste and not unlike raw potato. He pushed another couple of inches into my mouth, and I backed off partly, then slowly rode the shaft until the blunt head bumped the back of my throat. His wetness coated the inside of my mouth

I could sense the lizman watching me as I sucked on his dick. Slowly he began to pull it back into its pouch, making me get closer to the hole it extruded from. When my lips were pressing against his abdomen, the alien placed both hands behind my head and locked them. Then he let his cock extend full length from its sheath. It had nowhere to go but down my throat. I tried to pull away, but I couldn't

The slick meat withdrew and then made another attack. This time the pressure was sudden, sure, and intense. I was helpless as the semi-rigid shaft shot down my throat and lodged its full length there. Again, he withdrew the shaft partly and then forced it back in again. He fucked my throat like this for several strokes. I felt I would pass out from lack of air

Finally he released me, and, gasping for breath, I fell back against the wall next to the commode. I watched a large drop of thick, yellow fluid form at the hole in the tip of the beef-red alien meat. The shaft withdrew wholly into its sheath and emerged again shiny and wet, the blue veins pulsing beneath the translucent skin.

"I cannot do for you what you just did for me," he said. "Our facial construction does not allow it. Does the act have a name?"

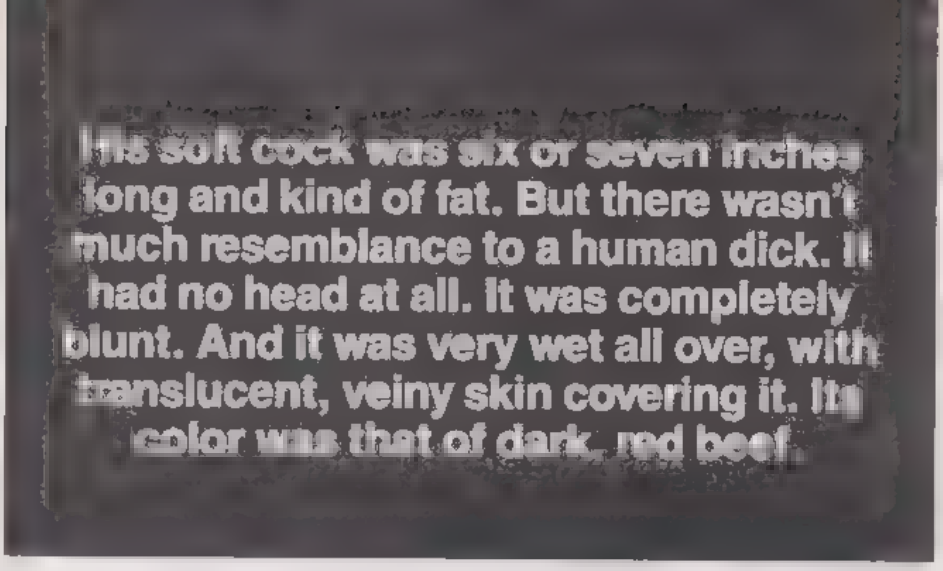
I looked up, took one deep breath, and replied, "It's called sucking cock."

He shook his head in understanding and said simply, "It translates."

I stood up, and the cool arms of the alien pulled us together, our hard cocks pressed between us once more. I felt his shaft retreat into its hole, and with his hand he guided my cock in after it, forcing it down at an angle. It didn't hurt. I'm very flexible. I could feel a warm wetness surround it, and the length of his shaft off to one side pressed hotly against my own. He wrapped his arms tightly around me, and his shaft stroked in and out of its sheath, rubbing against my belly and then my cock as it repeatedly extended and withdrew. I almost went nuts

Then he pulled away from me and dropped to his knees. I couldn't figure how he was going to suck me. He had said he wasn't built for it, and in fact his face just didn't *look* built for it. His thin-lipped mouth covered my cock in one motion, and at first I couldn't feel much of anything. Then I felt that long, thin tongue wrapping itself about the shaft, twisting, pulling, and teasing at the head. Momentarily, he pulled away from my shaft and poked at my cockhead. The tip of that forked tongue pressed into my piss hole and began to slither inside. He was going to catheterize me with that tongue of his!

That slick tongue slowly crawled down the entire length of my shaft—inside! When it hit my prostate, it pulled back out again. He did this several times, until on one try instead of stopping at my prostate he just kept pushing. It gave way, and I felt like I was pissing. The tongue withdrew



partly, and I couldn't help but let the piss follow

"There's piss coming out. You better back off," I warned

Instead, he just pushed against the flow and into my prostate once more. I went rigid from the sensation. When he pulled his tongue all the way out, I felt the piss follow it. He didn't back off. My piss streamed into him, quenching the thirst of a creature born on a desert planet and raised in an alien heat.

When my bladder at last was empty, he stood up and backed away from me. His eyes were glazed, and a long hiss escaped his lips. The veins that enveloped his dick were pulsing madly, and large gobs of the yellow pre-cum oozed from the end of his shaft and ran down the length of it and dropped to the floor. He stood there and stared at my cock, the head swollen purple, the foreskin retracted

"I have heard it is possible," he began and then hesitated

"*What*?"

"That the sex act may be completed by using the rear orifice."

I smiled. "You mean, can you fuck me in the ass?"

"I suppose so, yes."

"Yeah. Let's do it," I agreed, anticipating the feel of that slick, veiny cock pumping into my hole.

We pressed our bodies together once again, and I felt his meat against my belly. Pawing each other, we slowly lowered ourselves to the floor

I wanted him more than I had ever wanted any human. I can't explain it. There is something in you that clicks when you know you've found the right being, the right soul to merge with your own. You suspect it after you get them home, and you *know* it a moment later. This was that moment The ugliness I had seen in the bar was gone. The alienness was gone. There was only Steve left now—an intelligent male animal who wanted me.

He rubbed a cool hand across the top of my head and ran his scaly fingers through my hair. There was that look in his eyes as he did this—a universal look, which was mirrored in *my* eyes.

He read it and said, "I could own you It is legal for our kind—a great honor. I have great wealth and power I have only to request a human assistant, and one would be granted by your government Let me own you, and I will share my power with you, and this most recent power I have learned—the one your species calls love."

Like a person drowning, I thought of my life, my family, my past loves. All flashed before me. None of it mattered. "Own me," I said

The pleading in his eyes, which I had somehow come to read so easily, changed to joy. Carefully he turned me over on my stomach, and I lifted my ass in the air for what I knew he wanted. I felt the hot wetness of his cock press up against the crack of my ass. He positioned himself for entrance, withdrew his rod into its pouch, and then slowly let it extend until the blunt head pressed against my asshole. I tried to relax, and as I did I felt some of it enter me

He pulled the rod free, slicked it inside his body, and then pressed against me again. This time a couple of inches entered He withdrew one last time, and then thrust about six inches into my ass, all the while his abdomen remaining tightly pressed against my butt. That blunt, slicked-up dick of his continued its slow crawl up my hole. I had no idea how big it really was, but certainly it was longer than the seven inches he had let me see

That's how he fucked me—slowly at first, withdrawing the entire length into his body, slicking it up, and then pushing it into my body. Despite its rigidity as it exited its sheath and entered my ass, it was only semi-rigid when fully extended, and I could feel it snake its way inside my guts, bending where it had to, and going farther than any cock had ever gone.

With my ass raised in the air, my own stiff dick dripped pre-cum to the floor. Sometimes I could catch a glimpse of that red shaft entering me. But mostly I just felt it crawling up inside my guts.

He held me pressed tightly to him, his long, scaly arms wrapped about my waist, his cock plunging in and out of my ass. Only during the final seconds of fucking did he speed up his pace. When he came, I could feel the sperm flood inside me like an enema—an endless, cool stream. He embedded his shaft to the hilt and held it there. A hiss escaped his throat, and that snaky tongue jabbed at my ear. He held me that way, tensed and impaled, for several minutes. When I felt his meat begin to slide out of me, I groaned with regret. I had neglected to pump my own cock, and I had wanted to do so with Steve's alien pole still inside me

It pulled free, and I felt empty. Steve stood up and towered over me, his red meat hanging bloated from its hole, yellow fluid still oozing from its center. I moved until my head was directly beneath it and allowed the thick, yellow stream to flow into my mouth. When the flow stopped, I closed my mouth to taste it, that raw-potato flavor assaulted me again, mixed now with a strong yeasty bite. I swallowed it eagerly

Lying there, staring up at that pendulous alien sex organ, I gripped my rod and began jacking myself off. My nuts pulled up tight against the base, and my cockhead swelled until I could no longer close the foreskin over it

I couldn't stop pumping when the lizman moved behind me and lifted me up from the floor by the shoulders. My knees were bent, my hips thrust forward as Steve knelt in front of me. That snaky tongue inched out and found my piss slit. It wiggled inside and slid the length of my cock. When it hit my prostate, I came—hard The sperm had to force its way around that serpent's tongue.

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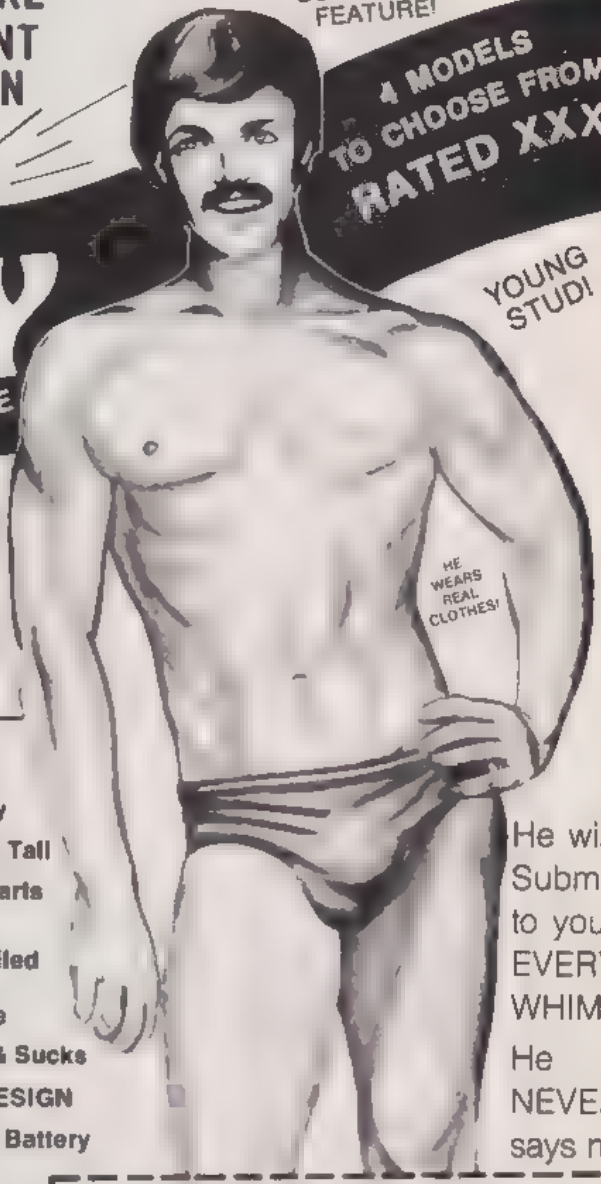

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AN ALIEN HEAT

Every time I tensed, every time I shot, the tongue pulled out, dragging a load of the sticky fluid with it, like a butterfly's tongue pulling nectar from a flower. Then it would rush back in for the next blast. I was being fucked *inside* my cock! Finally, I stopped shooting, and Steve dredged the last of the stuff from my tube. He stood, and I collapsed across his chest.

"Tell me again what you want," Steve said. "For once done, it is not easily undone."

I hesitated, suddenly fearful. *What* could not be undone? But I hesitated for only seconds. I let my eyes travel from the partially webbed feet, up the muscular legs, the tight stomach, the broad shoulders and powerful arms, to his other-worldly face, to the cat-eyes.

"Own me," I said.

He turned me slowly around so that my ass was pressing against him as it had when he had fucked me. I felt his blunt meat press once again against my hole. Even though it was mostly soft, it went in easily. I felt the entire length of it travel into my body. Shortly, a cool wetness flooded my insides. Then the alien cock pulled free, and I strained to hold the water in me.

He turned me around, and our eyes locked as he lowered me gently to the floor. And then he lay beside me and said simply, "Sleep."

The next morning he tried to explain things, but I really couldn't understand—biological things like enzymes, autorecombinance, nucleole unraveling, and parthenogenisis. I *did* understand the part about embryo transplant, and the idea took some getting used to. But I couldn't resist his look of husbandly pride when he told me that I would bear his child ■

The Hitcher, The Trucker and the Cop

Continued from page 40

was greasing the lawman's hole with the K-Y, Clint looked back at the young buck who was about to invade him. "Fuck me good," he demanded. The look in Clint's black eyes let Scott know that Clint meant business. "I want you to give me all you've got."

Scott felt compelled to give Clint what he wanted, and the thought of having that kind of power over a lawman made his dick as thick and stiff as he'd ever seen it. He pulled Clint's hard buns apart and pushed his rod into the dark opening. "I'll give you what you want," Scott promised as he pushed deeper. "You won't forget this one."

As Scott pushed deeper, Clint dug his fingers into the pillow. "Oh, man," he moaned, 'that feels good. Fuck me hard, Babe."

Scott speeded up his thrusts, but he remembered to give Clint every inch of himself. As he plunged deep into Clint's butt, all the way to the base of his dick, their balls met. Then, before pulling back, Scott twisted his dick slightly so Clint could get the full effect of the thick veins that ribbed his tool.

Clint moaned with pleasure as Scott pulled backwards. Then, so that he could pump his own tool while he was getting fucked, Clint pulled himself to his knees. Scott continued to lunge ever deeper inside the lawman's tight hole. A few minutes later, Clint looked back at him, a helpless look in his eyes. "I'm gonna come!"

As Scott fucked even harder, he felt Clint jerk. The load Clint delivered was so powerful that his tool made a squirting noise with each shot. The shots, as thick as jelly, splattered the pillow and the headboard.

Scott reached up and twisted Clint's erect nipples. "This is for you," he said as his body jerked forward into Clint's. He filled Clint's hole with so much cream that it began to ooze out and onto the bed. Finally depleted, Scott pulled his dick out and fell back on the bed.

The next day, Clint had to go back to work and Scott was ready to continue his trek to the coast. Clint left him on a stretch of highway that seemed to stretch to infinity. Scott stuck out his thumb and waited for his next adventure. He knew he wouldn't be able to face another winter in Minnesota ■

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Banging A Straight Butt

Continued from page 28

writhing back onto my finger now, stoned and craving the feeling I was giving him.

"God, that's wild. I really love it. Can I lay on the couch? My legs are getting stiff."

With one deft movement, never taking my hand out of his hole, I reached under the sofa for a guest blanket and threw it across the cushions. He climbed slowly, both because he was stoned and so as not to let my fingers get away. He clamped his hairy vice around my knuckle and bent forward, leaning on his side and spreading one cheek.

"Get naked," he said. "then I won't be the only one showin' everything, y'know?"

I let my finger slip out gently, then quickly stripped off my shirt and slipped my finger right back into him. I slid out of my pants and jock with one hand.

"Jesus, that is some dick you got!" he squeaked enviously.

I got onto the sofa and he raised himself up. "Slide your legs under me and I can rest on you," he whispered. He spread open his cheeks again, and my cock, since it curves downward, fell against his butthole, next to my fingers. "Lookit that thing. Think it'd feel good in me, like your finger?"

"Much better," I said huskily. "It'll go deeper to the heart of the problem."

He grinned and tugged my fingers out slowly and squeezed my thickening shaft. He ran his hand up and down it.

"That's good. Get me good and hard. It'll get real big for you. Keep spreadin' that cheek so I can watch it slide inside your asshole."

He rotated his hairy fingers around my cock, then suddenly looked me in the eyes, probably the most direct stare he's ever given me. We knew each other now: he wanted it, and he knew I knew it.

"Ready?" he hissed, licking his sweaty mouth, sweat dripping down his forehead.

"Are *you*?" I whispered.

He ran his hand back over my rippled stomach. He beamed with approval, then grabbed my swaying horsemeat. "Make love to my asshole, real slow now, but I want it *all* up my ass—the whole fuckin' thing."

My cockhead was bloated to the size of a ripe plum, oozing sweat, piss, and a ribbon of pre-cum that stuck to the black fringe around his hole. He slid back, and winced as the head slid in.

"That's the worst part," I said. "It'll get easier now."

He relaxed his grip on my cock and reached down for my low-slung cummakers. "Big balls, too. God was good to you. Feels fuckin' great in there, man. You know your shit. Keep workin' it in there like that. Yeah, all the way in and all the way out."

He bent more forward and buried his handsome face in the blanket, raising his ass high in the air. I stood on my feet, raised his cheeks even higher, and slammed deep into his hole. He was *never* going to forget *this* fuck! I pulled his ballsac back like reins on a horse. He hollered but didn't try to stop me.

"Fuck! Ride me! Ride me! Rape the fuckin' shit outa me! Gimme that fuckin' fat thing. Make it come outa my ears when you shoot your cum. Bang the fuck outa my asshole!" He screamed and bucked and slammed his ass back at me, devouring my cock with his asshole.

I reached under his abdomen and grabbed his rod. He sighed deeply as I stroked him and slowed down my ramming. I wanted him to shoot with me. I wasn't going to forget this fuck either.

I settled his ass down on my thighs so I could reach his cock better. He pulled himself up, straddling my lap and rubbing up and down on my cock. I ran the other hand over his furry tits and belly. He rolled his head back against my neck, and I rocked him in my arms, slathering his cock, squeezing him close.

Suddenly, I felt moved to tenderness by his vulnerability. I had all of him now—my cock in his ass, my hand around his dong, his head against my cheek. As I stroked this body that I had made so famous, I felt genuine affection for him. I wanted to please him.

I gave long strokes to his cock, sliding into his bowels each time my hand reached his root. He was close to coming now, so I speeded up my fucking. His barrel-chest swelled and heated in my arm. I was deep inside him when he shot right to the wall—long platinum ribbons of steaming juices. He screamed when I hit bottom and shot him full of *my* juices.

We seemed to come forever, his hairy hole gagging on my cock and his load still spattering the wall. Even when we stopped exploding, he continued to ride me, and I continued to stroke his quivering manhood. He leaned back and licked sweat from my neck, then shoved his tongue into my mouth.

"Mmmmmmmm," he moaned.

I was ecstatic.

Hours later, we were still lying in a tangled ball of sweat, muscles, hair, and cum. We stroked and fondled each other, my softening log still in him. We sipped wine, kissed, and lavished affection on one another. It was a nice truce; we liked each other. Gone was that manufactured macho attitude of his. I wiped the sweat off his face, kissed his shoulders, neck, and face.

He kissed my mouth tenderly and smiled. "Well, doctor, I think your treatment was a success. My ass hurts *good* now. But I think I'll hafta come over for regular treatments."

We both chuckled.

"I suggest an overnight stay at the hospital," I said, smiling at him.

We wound ourselves together in my big bed and slept soundly, each a visitor in the other's dreams. ■

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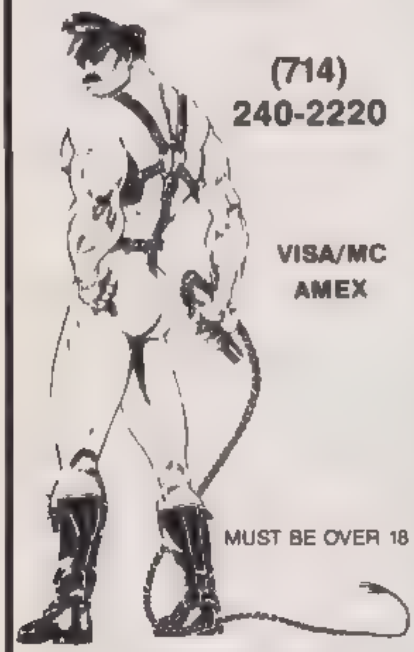

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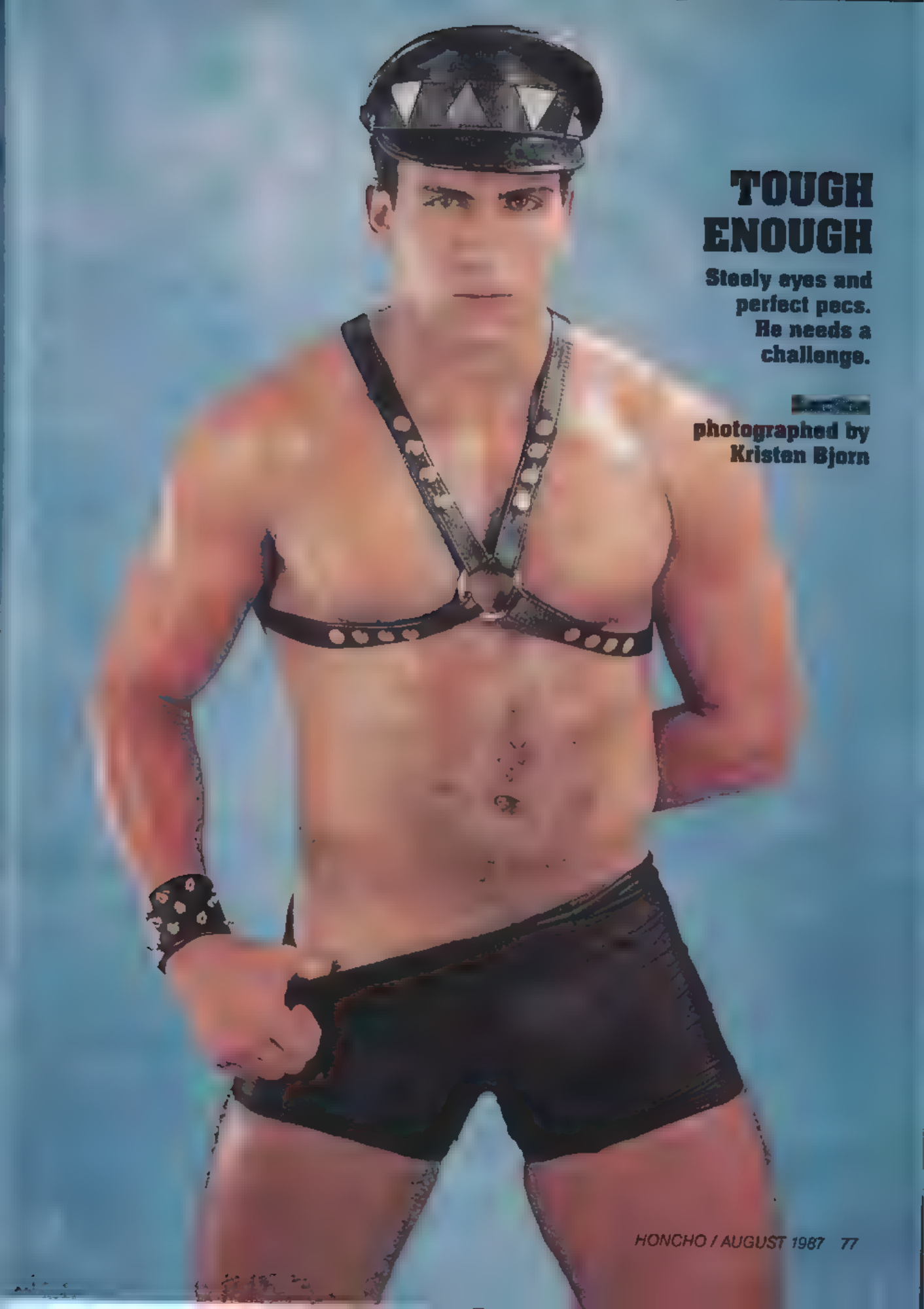

TOUGH ENOUGH

Steely eyes and perfect pecs. He needs a challenge.

[redacted]

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TOUGH ENOUGH

TOUGH
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Hot cock and hairy butt,
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TOUGH ENOUGH

Is he tough enough for you? Yeah.

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It was just another missing person's case as far as I was concerned. Some stupid punk left mommy and daddy for the bright lights of the big city. I hit all the usual places: the strip joints, the sex parlors, and the hustler bars. Then someone told me they saw the kid with Crager; I knew the kid was in trouble 'cause Crager liked his men young and his sex rough.

STAG FIGHT

Continued from page 51

"I could bribe you," I said, standing up from my bar stool and walking around the end of the bar. "Or I could use other means."

He turned to face me, smiling. "What other means?"

I stopped just in front of him and eyed his body from chest to crotch and back up to his face. "Some gentle persuasion." I smiled, reached out slowly with left hand and petted his belly lightly, then slid my hand down to massage his balls.

He leaned back, and I stroked his balls through the denim for about ten seconds, then cupped my hand around them and kneaded. He closed his eyes and drew back. I could see his tongue, thick and wet, sliding out under his pretty white teeth

My cupped hand closed tightly into a fist around his nuts and squeezed hard. The skin around his eyes crinkled and his teeth clamped his tongue. I squeezed tighter on his nuts and pulled him to his knees. He let out a high, sick whine, and I let his nuts pop out of my fist and grabbed him by his long, brown hair. A shudder passsed down his body, and he was gulping for air.

"I ain't got time to waste, friend. Neither has Tony. Whatcha know about him?"

He talked fast

"Crager. . he's with Crager. Over on Thirty-seventh, corner of Highly He crashed there last week. Ain't seen him since. God's truth."

"This Crager, what's his thing? How come he took the kid home?"

The bartender rolled his eyes up to where my fist was pulling on his hair. "He's your type, but rougher. A lot rougher. Likes games. Likes to play 'em with punks like Tony."

I let go, and he sagged to the floor.

"Thanks for the beer," I said, dropping a twenty under his face. I knew the routine: good cop, bad cop. Except I could play it all by myself And I wasn't even a cop. Not the police force kind, anyway.

So far it was going just like any other ordinary missing persons case. Another "Lyons case," as the detectives downtown called them Mom and Dad go the police about their missing son, the cops figure out what the folks usually don't want to face—that the boy is not an all-American straight arrow—and Mike Lyons is recommended. Being one of "them" myself gives me an insight other private dicks don't have. I almost always get my man—my boy, as is sometimes the case.

But it rarely ends up happily ever after The parents and the cops want me to collar the young dudes and send them home again. They don't get it. I find the dude, arrange a meeting with the family, help them work it out—if I can—get my check and leave. Then I try to spend a day or two in bed. Often it's with the kid I've just brought in, after he's decided he made the right move by leaving.

I find runaways; I don't take them prisoner. And I don't brainwash, don't abduct, don't rescue.

This Tony Johnston case was just like the rest. His folks just wanted to get him off the streets, get him some education so he'd be able to live decently—however he decided to live. Or so they said.

I drove out Thirty-seventh to the intersection with Highly and scanned the four corners. A convenience store stood on one. Service stations on two others; only on one of them was there an apartment house. I checked out its lobby, figuring there would be names on mailboxes. I got lucky. R. Crager was shown to have the basement all to himself

At this point I should have kicked myself I'd started too late in the day. Figure it, if he's got a decent apartment, chances are he works, if he's a well-known stud in the bars, chances are he works days. It was almost 4.30. He'd be home soon if he wasn't already. I hadn't cut myself any slack

I knocked and waited, then knocked again and waited for at least two minutes before the door finally opened a crack. I could tell at a glance it was the kid. And from his timidity I figured that Crager wasn't home yet.

I told him up-front who I was and who'd sent me. I always do it that way; it's best they know where you stand from the start. I got my boot wedged in the doorway before he could slam the door shut, and pushed on inside

"You don't have to go home, kid I don't do that. You're eighteen, it's your life. But why don't you just meet 'em, talk to 'em, let 'em know you're all right?"

"I ain't goin' back!"

"You don't have to."

"That's how it would end up. It's fucked now, anyway, isn't it? You found me. They'll have the friggin' cops down here now."

I let his mind work on that a little, hoping it would bring him around It didn't

"Fuck you, bastard!" he spat out, backing away from me. "I finally get off the street and you fuck it up for me!"

"Are you sure you're better off here?"

"It'll do for now." He paced away from

me, deeper into the big, dark, scroungy one-room apartment. "It's better than what I'd go back to."

"Look around a little harder, Tony," I said, following him. "Look at this place real hard." In spite of himself, he did glance around. I noticed that his eyes seemed to tarry over the small, dirty kitchen littered with food scraps and dead roaches. "They say they don't care about your lifestyle, that they just want you to have the chance to earn a decent living so you can live well, live as you want, not as you have to. Any place is better than this, better for *you*. It might be fine for Crager. He knows what he wants. Do you? Is this it?"

He took a few more steps away from me and slumped into a chair. "No, not exactly. Not really."

I needed time. A little more time. I wasn't going to get it.

I heard the door open, and I could feel him hulking behind me.

"Who in the hell are you?" he growled.

A simple question calling for a simple answer. I gave it.

"Tony ain't goin' nowhere. *You* are."

I turned and looked at Crager for the first time. He was formidable. I'd done the rough scene for a long time. Once I had an S&M lover. We lasted two years. It was good. No regrets. So you could say I'd been around. But I'd never seen anyone quite like Crager.

At first glance you'd take him for a bodybuilder, a beach boy. But one long look into his eyes dispelled that notion. Those eyes were hard, gray steel, with fire smoldering deep inside. I recognized that fire, and, in spite of myself, I was getting a little bit turned on.

But I had work to do. "The kid's going to meet his folks. I'm taking him. They have some things to work out. They've come to realize that he is what he is, and they'll live with it. They only want him to have a decent life, in a nice place, a good job." I glanced at Tony. His eyes were alert. He was listening.

"Bullfuck!" Crager moved suddenly, heavily, forcefully, showing the power of his body. He pulled off his shirt.

"Tony, you know what time it is! Hop to it!"

Tony was on his feet, pulling off his shirt, stepping out of his shoes, dropping his jeans. I was struck again by how young he looked, like eighteen going on thirteen. His lean body still had the innocent pinkness of youth. His supple muscles had obviously strained against nothing more than school books and basketballs. His smooth chest and soft, rounded ass was the model of pliable punk. I could see why Crager had chosen him.

"Tony likes it here, Lyons. He's got a taste for men, and he knows how to please them." Crager was naked himself now. He seemed twice as muscular as he had under his clothes. "Tony likes dick. He's one of those guys made for it. He knows how to take it and wrap himself around it."

Already the boy had reached a padded bench, slipped his arms around it, and spread his feet apart. Crager was fully aroused now and so was I. Something was wrong. It wasn't supposed to be going this way.

Crager moved into position behind the boy and rubbed his thick hairy legs against Tony's slender, smooth ones, stroking his own cock with his right hand while fondling Tony's balls with his left. I'd seen my share of one guy sticking it to another, but I knew this was going be something special. Crager shoved his cock in with one swift move, then held it there, letting it ease even deeper into the vulnerable young ass. My hands were in my pockets now, rubbing softly against my balls, easing my dick into a more comfortable position down my leg.

Tony grunted from deep inside his belly as Crager began thrusting, his shoulders and back almost motionless as he pumped the kid's ass with strong, rhythmic jabs of his hips and buttocks. I moved a few steps so I could see the action better. Crager's balls were swinging low in the sac, slapping against the bottom of Tony's cheeks with every lunge. My cock was getting so rigid I had to pull my briefs away from it.

The kid gasped as Crager ripped his cock all the way out. He stood, legs apart, massaging it lightly. "I think I'll save my hard-on for a while. Why don't you try a turn at him?"

The question took me my surprise. "I came to get the boy away from here," I finally got out, "not to stick it to him."

Crager grinned. "Aw, come on, enjoy yourself. He likes it—and you want it." He stared hard into my eyes.

"Hey, dick, ain't you got any balls?" Tony growled at me over his shoulder. "Afraid you can't handle it?" He was writhing his butt around in the air.

All right, so I'm not the most honorable guy around. But a job's a job.

"Afraid I'll say you don't measure up to Crager?" Tony taunted.

It was Crager who made up my mind for me. That snide, superior grin on his face got to me. Suddenly all I wanted to do was shove my dick so far up Tony's ass it would come out his fucking big mouth.

I stripped to the skin in thirty seconds and sidled up to Tony. He was still laughing softly as I pulled his cheeks apart, felt quickly for the right spot, then pushed it in

with a jab of my hips.

He twisted his butt to fight my thrusts, but after a few good pumps he yielded and let me have my way. But just when I felt the juices ready to start flowing, I stopped pushing and stepped back out of him.

"You should have gotten off when you had the chance, sucker. You won't get another one," Crager warned.

I started to go for my clothes, then decided to get it all over with first. "I'm taking the boy to meet his folks. If he wants to come back, fine. If he doesn't want to that'll be his right. It's my job, and I aim to do it."

"Tony stays here." Crager's eyes had iced over, his muscles were hardening to steel, and his face had lost any trace of humor.

I squared off at him, standing legs apart, tensing my muscles, closing and opening my fists. Inside, however, I was not as self-assured as I may have looked. From the moment I had first seen Crager, I had been feeling things I knew could cause me trouble if our confrontation came to this.

I had played Crager's type of game many, many times. I, too, had dominated my share of men who liked being treated roughly, and I, too, had been dominated by others. I had enjoyed both sides of it. And I still did. That was the problem. As Crager started his slow walk toward me, I realized I wasn't up to my own defense. My old reactions were reviving themselves. Whenever I played tough with another tough guy, we would automatically sense who wanted to be boss and who wanted to be kicked around. It seemed to ride on who was the more macho of the two of us. Now I realized that I was being challenged by the most macho man I'd ever met.

He stepped up to me, almost nose to nose, and let a sly, lusty grin slip onto his face. I felt myself sliding headlong to the "M" side of the S&M scale. I didn't want it that way right now, but I couldn't control it.

His grin broadened as he swelled out his chest, held his hands in front of him, and closed his fists. He looked down at his right fist, turned it back and forth, and then lowered it, cocking his arm at the elbow as his knuckles brushed against the hairs on my chest. One brief flash of toothy grin, and he punched his fist into my belly.

I had barely enough time to tense my muscles before the knuckles dug in. It didn't seem to do much good. I felt it, and felt it deep. My shoulders sagged and my face fell downward.

He raised my chin with his right hand until I was looking past his forehead, then slammed his left fist into me, just inside my rib cage right over my liver. My knees tried to buckle, but I made them hold.

I had whined a little with the impact of the first two punches, but when his right fist landed again, just below the solar plexus, I let out a loud, sick moan. This time my knees wouldn't listen to me, and I dropped to the floor. I still could not fight back. As my face fell against the sweaty hairs of Crager's belly, my only reaction was to wait helplessly for the next sweet blow. This hunk of man was taking me, and I was wanting to be taken.

He held me there on my knees and lifted my chin once more. I figured what was coming and clamped my jaws tightly together. His knee landed flush under my chin. My eyes opened as I fell flat on my back, my legs sprawled open.

Crager stood astraddle my hips, his cock rigid and alive, pointing forward toward my face. "You like it, doncha? You want more, doncha?" His chest was rising and falling with each heavy breath he took in and let out. "It's fun, ain't it, gettin' it in the belly and knowing you have to stand there and take it? It's sweet, takin' it on the chin and having the lights go out, ain't it?" He could tell by the look in my eyes that my answer was yes.

Next, he reached down with both hands, grasped my tits in his fingers, and pulled. It hurt *good*, but it still hurt; I raised myself up on my hands to ease the pain. He kept pulling, and I kept climbing, until I had struggled back to me feet. One last tug of his finger brought me up onto my toes. At that moment he jerked his knee up under my hanging balls and got another grunt out of me. I guess it wasn't enough for him, so he kneed me again. The third time, the roughest, I dropped to my knees without making a sound. It hurt too bad to even groan.

He slammed up against me and bounced his belly against my face, then raised my chin again, but this time he said something to Tony while I had my eyes closed, waiting for the blow. Nothing happened for about the next half-minute, so I opened my eyes. He was still just in front of me, but he had paused to pull on a pair of thin, worn boxing gloves.

"I don't want you to bleed all over me," he grinned, "and I don't want to mark up your face too bad." I noticed that his belly was not as tight as it had seemed while he was flexing in front of me, and that his upper thighs were flabby. I realized he'd been getting a little lazy the last years or so, relying on the bodybuilding he had done previously.

Abruptly he regained my undivided attention with a solid uppercut to the chin that lifted my face upward and arched my back. As I moaned out my appreciation, he caught my jaw with a left hook, then spun my head back the other way with a right. I

"I came here to get this kid back home, not put it to him," I spat out at Crager.
"Well," the rough-and-tumble bruiser said, "you're gonna have to get through me first." If I backed down, Crager would beat the shit out of me.
"Give me your best shot, asshole."

knew I wouldn't be conscious long. And now, at last, I didn't want him to lay me out. I realized that, on a closer look, he wasn't in the shape I was in. And my masochistic feelings are only engendered by a guy who is butcher than I am. He wasn't. My mood started to swing.

He pulled me to my feet again and started pumping his leathered fists into my belly. One. Two. With the third punch, I dropped my guard to block and stepped back. He looked at me in surprise, and I raised my aching body to its full height, inflated my chest, rippled my belly muscles, and raised my fists in front of me.

"Enough is enough, sucker. I think I can take you."

I was grinning now at his anger. When he started a hefty swing toward my jaw, I stepped back and evaded it, then moved immediately forward, ducked my head, and threw my own right fist hard into his slackened belly. He seemed to stop in his tracks, and I repeated the blow. Then a left, and a final, vicious right.

He was on his knees now, his hands in front of his face as protection against the blows he was expecting. Instead of throwing them, I grabbed his hands and pulled the gloves off them. "Think I'll be using these myself," I said, pulling them over my knuckles with my teeth. I checked the look in his eyes and saw that deep inside he agreed with me. *I* should be the disher-outer, and *he* should be the taker. Brother, was he gonna take.

I got him back to his feet and boxed him slowly around the room. I enjoyed the sound of leather smacking against skin. Nose, ribs, mouth, belly—I spread the pain around, not giving him enough to really hurt him, making him wonder how long I would play with him before I put him out.

"Hey, Tony," I called over my shoulder, "Get your things together. We're gonna split real soon now."

"About all I got's the clothes I had on," he answered.

"Don't dress yet," I said when I saw him reach for them. "You're going to do a number on Crager here first."

"I don't wanna fight him," Tony said softly.

"No, not fight him, *fuck* him. Don't you think it's finally your turn?" I met Crager's sudden objection with a stiff smash to the jaw that spun his head 180 degrees. My other fist reversed the spin. "Grease your cock, kid. It's almost time."

It was obvious Crager wanted out of this situation, but I felt his submission to me would hold until I finished him off. Not to take chances, though, I decided to speed things along.

I shoved my knee up between his legs, and I could feel one ball squirt out to one side and the second to the other side. Only the rapid pummeling my fists were giving his belly kept him from sinking to his knees. A mean uppercut stiffened him upright again, and a simple straight-right turned him profile.

I was immediately behind him. One quick shove and he hurtled against the bench. A kick in the butt and he was draped over it.

"Ready, Tony?"

He approached and stood beside me. "He'll hurt me."

"Not anymore, kid." I pulled the gloves off and moved up behind Crager. I reached between his legs and rested his scrotal sac against the palm of my left hand. "Ready, boy?"

Tony started moving toward us. I moved Crager's balls a little farther into the open, then clapped my right hand hard against my left. After letting out a sound which was half-groan, half-howl, Crager slumped on the bench. I motioned to Tony, and he stepped up to Crager's helpless ass, found the entrance and pushed inside.

Somehow Crager found the strength to squirm, to make a last attempt to resist the humiliation of being screwed by his previously helpless slave. This did not unnerve Tony, however, who seemed confident now that the tables finally had turned. Gritting his teeth and grunting with each thrust, he pumped harder and harder into Crager's ass.

I felt like I owed Crager a break, to put him out so he wouldn't have to suffer the embarrassment of getting butt-fucked by a boy he thought of as a sissy. I moved around to the other side of the bench, grabbed him by the hair with my left hand, and pulled his head up to the level of my chest.

"Bye, bye, bud. It's been sweet." I let go of his hair, and as his head started to fall back toward the bench, I swung a hard, quick uppercut to his outstretched chin with my right fist. His face jerked upward, he stared at the ceiling for a second or two, and then he fell heavily downward, swinging limply over the floor in rhythm with the digs Tony was giving his rear end.

A moment later, Tony tensed up, stood rigid for a moment, then relaxed completely. He backed out of Crager's butt and got dressed, and left as Crager was coming to.

The meeting with Tony's folks would not take place until the next afternoon. He had to spend the night somewhere, so I figured it might as well be at my place. I knew he'd enjoy himself. After all, he did like the games. But now he had found a better partner ■

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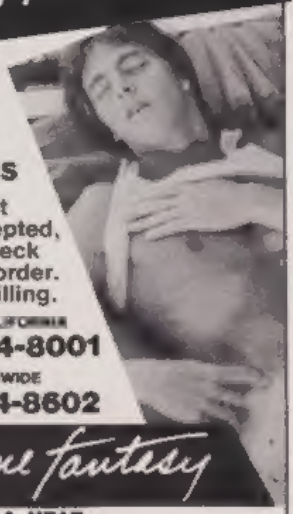

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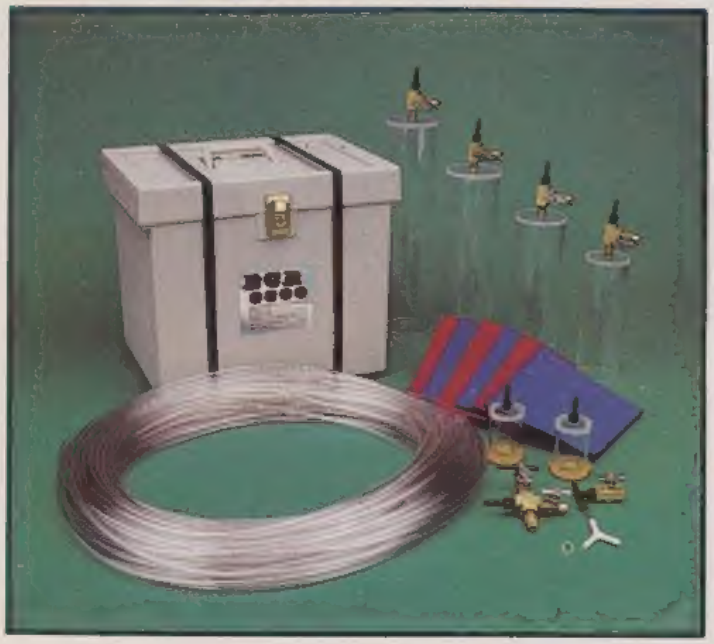

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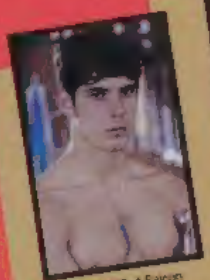

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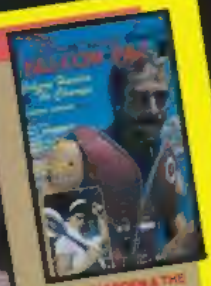

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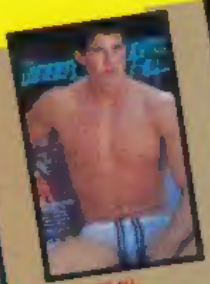

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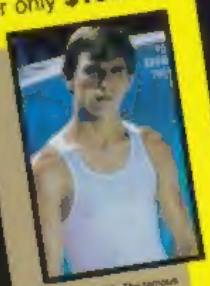

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